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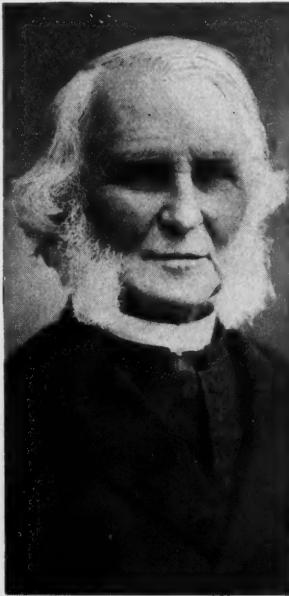
TOPICS OF THE DAY



FACING BOTH WAYS IN MAINE

MR. FACING-BOTH-WAYS, whom Bunyan represents as never being quite able to make up his mind to go either backward or forward, would in all likelihood feel very much at home these days in the State of Maine. For, while it is impossible, as the Brooklyn *Eagle* points out, for a State to vote "yes" and "no" on the same day and on the same proposition, published returns from last week's election in Maine seemed to indicate for some time that that State didn't know whether she voted "wet" or "dry." And the newspaper-reader, presented alternately with reports of the retention of constitutional prohibition by a few hundred votes in a total poll of 120,000, or its repeal by some odd scores, shared the confusion. An official recount will tell just what happened in Maine on the 11th, but for once it is evident that Maine refused to go "hell-bent" in any particular direction, and whichever way the election proves to have gone, the majority promises to be so small as to disappoint those who were hoping to see the issue decided finally and emphatically.

The outlook is for continued hostilities, thinks the Boston *Journal*, and it fears that Governor Plaisted is to be disappointed in his express hope that the people of Maine might hereafter have a chance to think of something besides "this eternal liquor question"; for the liquor question in Maine is as "eternal as it was before." The Portland *Press*, a paper said to be owned by the Dow family, makes the same point and warns the Governor that the rum question, "instead of being taken out of politics, is going to be in politics more than ever." In Bath, Maine, which lived up to its name by being the first city to report a "wet" majority, *The Times* calls the election a drawn battle, "giving no indication as to what Maine's final attitude will be whenever the issue between prohibition and something else is placed squarely up to the voters." Papers throughout the country agree that the result is "abortive" and "too close for comfort." The wets will find no warrant in it for such immediate steps as they desire," notes the Washington *Star*, "the dries no warrant in it for utter



HAS HIS LIFE-WORK BEEN UNDONE?

General Neal Dow, who was chiefly responsible for Maine's first acceptance of prohibition in the fifties. Even if the constitutional amendment is repealed by last week's voting, no liquor can be sold in the State until the legislature passes a license law.

discouragement." "Unfortunate," agrees the New York *Evening Post*:

"So great an issue, people will feel, ought not to hang upon a handful of ballots. If it turn out that prohibition is retained by a bare majority, there will be greater dissatisfaction with it than ever in the larger cities of Maine, and lawlessness in the matter of liquor-selling will probably be more conspicuous than before. With half the voters pronouncing against the policy, it can not be said any longer to be sustained by an overwhelming public sentiment. And we should presume that a campaign for resubmission of the question would be started as soon as legally possible. Yet disappointing as the practically drawn battle must be to all concerned, there is no threat on either side of contesting the result except by ordinary political and peaceable methods. There is none of the Ulster talk about 'taking up arms.'"

The next time the people of Maine vote on the question, the Brooklyn *Times* hopes they will be able to make up their minds in which direction they intend to go, for "a State which boasts '*Dirigo*,' 'I lead,' as its motto, should be able to show where it proposes to lead."

The increase of antiprohibition sentiment in Maine as evinced by the closeness of the recent election is contrasted with the large majority for passage of the amendment in 1884, and is deemed by the press generally as strongly condemnatory of the plan so thoroughly tried out in that State, and many papers take it as a text for antiprohibition editorials. Yet the Newark *News*, while admitting that this view of the result may be taken as encouraging to the license advocates, continues:

"And yet, what will the opponents of prohibition as a policy say to this: That, after fifty years' test of it as an actual practical working fact, Maine with her big cities, with her added foreign population and all, still can show 60,000 voters, a full half of her voting muster, opposed to any and all modification of it?"

The secret of Maine's changed opinion lies in a change in the people, according to the Detroit *Free Press*:

"Many thousands of French Canadians have swarmed into the manufacturing cities to profit by the textile-mills' opportunities. Most of them are voters and they vote otherwise than did

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the Puritans of Maine in the last generation. The summer visitors have their domiciles elsewhere, but they typify the leading industry of the State to-day, the highly profitable catering to vacationists, and they have imprest upon their hosts that they want a drink when they want it.

"The Maine people who voted for prohibition in 1884 have seemingly found no reason to recant their beliefs on the subject, except as they have abandoned what was a sacred principle for

this, declares *The Kennebec Journal*, "would be a question of direct vote on a rum-trust-approved law, and undoubtedly would mean a majority against such a proposition of anywhere from 15,000 to 30,000 in the State." This paper adds:

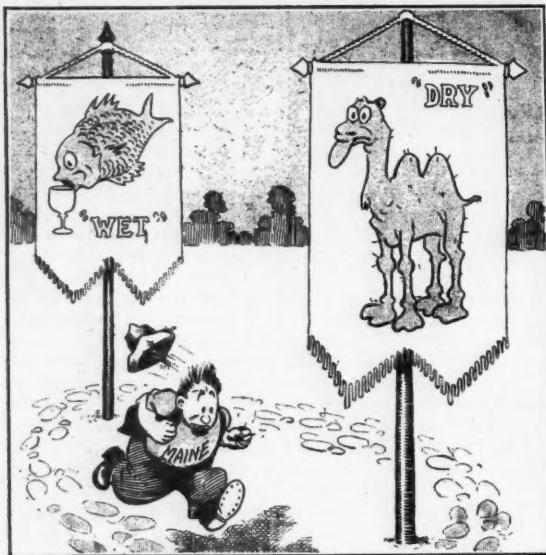
"Now that we have been aroused to the necessities and to recognition of the intent and determination of the liquor interests, it is time for us to perfect such plans as will make us ever ready and easily able to overthrow any future endeavors for the conquest of Maine, but also to stand forth as a factor to be reckoned with when we carry the fight from Maine into broader fields with the object of eventually forcing Uncle Sam out of the rum business, as he has been forced out of the lottery business and kindred evils, in which, in other days, he derived revenue as a partner."

A note of enthusiasm is manifest in the proclamation sent out from Portland by the W. C. T. U., a few hours before the end of the campaign, of "a great crusade to carry the vital truth to the peoples themselves in all lands, and through them to place prohibition in the organic law of all nations."

"To America . . . we hereby proclaim amid the smoke of the second great battle of Maine . . . that within a decade prohibition shall be placed in the Constitution of the United States, and to this end we call to active cooperation all temperance, prohibition, religious, and philanthropic bodies; all patriotic, fraternal, civic associations, and all Americans who love their country."

If the liquor men won in this election, their victory was so narrow as to be negligible in its consequences, declares a prominent Anti-Saloon-League official quoted in the daily press, and he proceeds to show why, on the whole, Prohibitionists have ample cause for rejoicing:

"We still hold North Carolina, North Dakota, Mississippi, Georgia, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Tennessee, altho we have lost Maine and Alabama has dropped back into the county local-option class. Texas, too, has county local option, and we were defeated for total prohibition in the last election by a scant 5,000 votes, with every liquor man in the country joining in the fight against us. Sooner or later we shall get Texas. Florida was held against us in the last election only by the debauching of the negro vote by the agents of the liquor-dealers, and at that the majority was only 4,600. Henry Watterson led the fight against us in Kentucky, but both political parties now have a plank in



AROUND AND AROUND AND BACK AGAIN.
—Rehse in the New York Evening Mail.

pecuniary reasons and this has happened in only a part of the State. The replacement of population has brought a new jury into the box, but, after all, it is these jurors who have heard the case and their verdict determines it."

Not much at variance with this is a statement given out by one of the most active of the 600 prohibition workers who stumped the State. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, in a statement given to the press, thus enumerates the causes for the slump in the dry vote:

"First, the decrease since 1884 of 13 per cent. in the relative proportion of the rural vote. Second, the emigration of thousands of stalwart young men to the West, and the immigration of yet more thousands of French Canadians; third, rank partisanship in both the enforcement and non-enforcement of Prohibition, which has led many indignant voters to strike at the law, instead of those responsible for the abuse of it; fourth, the unfavorable influence of many summer visitors on Sabbath observance, resulting in non-attendance at church of a majority of the voters, also the hostility of many summer visitors to the law, even tho the sobriety of Maine had really led not a few of them to choose it as a summer home for their families; fifth, the neglect of systematic educational work out of school in support of law enforcement, and also of total abstinence by which law enforcement would be made easier by decreasing the demand. The people have relied too exclusively on law, and the churches have not given due attention to gospel temperance and pledge-signing among young or old. Especially should the new scientific discoveries as to the serious harm of even moderate drinking be made known to all."

Turning to the Maine papers, most of which seem to have favored the no-license workers, we find the Lewiston *Journal* accepting the close defeat, if defeat it proves to be, as not at all disheartening to the Prohibition cause. In the prospect of a small majority when the official returns have been completed, the Augusta *Kennebec Journal* offers its congratulations to "the rural districts of Maine." Both of these papers believe that the closeness of their victory would prevent the wets from securing the immediate passage of a license law by the Legislature. Furthermore, the referendum could be invoked in such a case and



WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?
—Bowers in the Jersey City Journal.

their platforms for uniform county local option. And the fact is that we have already won county local option in 92 of Kentucky's 116 counties.

"Sixty-three of the 75 counties of Arkansas are wholly 'dry,' and 98 per cent. of the whole population live in 'dry' territory."

Colorado is under local option; there are 11 'dry' counties, and 90 per cent. of the rural population live in 'dry' territory. Two of the three counties of Delaware are wholly 'dry.' County local option is proving successful in Idaho, and 70 of the 92 counties of Indiana are 'dry.' Practically the same conditions prevail in Iowa, while as a result of special elections in Maryland, 10 of her 23 counties are now without saloons.

"Half of Michigan is on our side of the column, and in Missouri we have made 61 counties wholly 'dry,' and won partial victories in the others. In fact, local option has triumphed almost everywhere. We have won the bulk of the population in practically every State in which we have made a fight for it."

The daily papers which favor local option as against prohibition view the defeat, or near-defeat, of constitutional prohibition in Maine as the natural result of a law which was impossible of enforcement, and bred hypocrisy, corruption, and lawlessness. Prohibition in the "good old State of Maine, land of pines and piety and pies," is denounced by the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the leading antiprohibition daily, as "a continuous fraud" during its fifty years of "continuous performance." Crediting the first reports of a pro-license victory the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* takes it as proof that "the movement for Prohibition is receding."

"The smashing defeat in Missouri, followed by the adverse vote in Texas and this Maine vote, undoubtedly marks its subsidence in the country at large. Regulation and moderation are winning over intolerance.

"Of the States which experimented with State-wide prohibition before the war, Maine is the only one in which the idea persisted. The movement of the last five years has added Georgia, Oklahoma, Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, and Tennessee to the prohibition States, Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota having previously adopted the plan.

"The people are tiring of prohibition's evasions and hypocrisies, with blind tigers substituted for regulated saloons."

THE VINDICATION OF WILEY

THE PRESIDENTIAL exoneration of the head of the Bureau of Chemistry, while highly approved by the greater part of the daily press, was evidently expected by everybody, and the real point of interest in the President's letter is the hint that the "condign punishment" recommended for Dr. Wiley will be passed over to somebody else. Certain phrases in the opinion are thought to betoken a coming shake-up in the Department of Agriculture, and the New York *Evening Mail* thinks the usefulness of both Secretary Wilson and Attorney-General Wickersham as advisers of the President has become "seriously qualified." Mr. Wickersham's advice to discipline Wiley was exactly reversed, in fact, and the President lets him down by a half-charitable excuse that he acted without full knowledge of the facts. Dr. Wiley is held by his friends to have emerged stronger than before, and the President's exoneration of Wiley, in the opinion of the New York *Herald*, "has done more to strengthen the Pure Food Law than anything done since its enactment."

Admitting that Dr. Wiley has been an extremist, and that through an unwise system of laws he has been often in the "very improper position of being advocate, judge, and executive all in one," the New York *Journal of Commerce* declares that with all his errors, he has been "the right man in the right place at the right time." Further.

"Whether Dr. Wiley continues in office or leaves, he can rest assured in the satisfaction that he has done more in behalf of the pure-food movement than any other living man—an achievement of no small consequence and value."

As for the main charge that Dr. Wiley made an illegal contract for the employment of Dr. H. H. Rusby, paying him by the year, instead of by the day, the President, to quote the New York *World's* summary, "finds that Dr. Rusby was not con-

sciously at fault, that Dr. Wiley had not in this particular matter been a party to the correspondence in which the plan was proposed, and that the employment of Dr. Rusby was only in accord with previous precedents in the department which seemed to justify it." Mr. Taft goes on to call attention to that section of the law, which, in the New York *Herald's* phrase, "allows little more than hod-carrier's wages for expert assistants." The President remarks that the legal limitation compelling bureau chiefs to pay experts by the day is a "doubtful legislative policy," and proceeds:

"Here is the Pure Food Act, which is of the highest importance to enforce, and in respect to which the interests opposed to its enforcement are likely to have all the money at their command needed to secure the most effective expert evidence. The Government ought not to be at a disadvantage in this regard, and one can not withhold one's sympathy with an earnest effort by Dr. Wiley to pay proper compensation and secure expert assistance in the enforcement of so important a statute, certainly in the beginning, when the questions arising under it are of capital importance to the public.

"If this were a knowing, wilful, deliberate effort to evade the statute as construed by the Attorney-General, accompanied by a scheme to conceal the evasion and violation, I should think the punishment recommended by the Personnel Board and concurred in by the Attorney-General was none too great; but an examination of the whole case satisfies me that a different construction ought to be put upon what was done; that the evidence does not show that Dr. Wiley was a party to the correspondence or the letters upon which the chief charge is founded, and that his action in the matter was only in accord with previous precedents in the department which justified him in doing what he did."

But the passage in the President's letter to Secretary Wilson which the New York *Times* thinks may mean most to the Secretary and to Messrs. McCabe and Dunlap, to say nothing of the general public, is this:

"Further consideration satisfies me that there are very much broader questions involved in the investigation and the evidence there brought out than in the present charge, which is narrow and definite and can now be properly disposed of. The broader issues raised by the investigation, which have a much weightier relation than this one to the general efficiency of the department, may require much more radical action than the question I have here considered and decided."

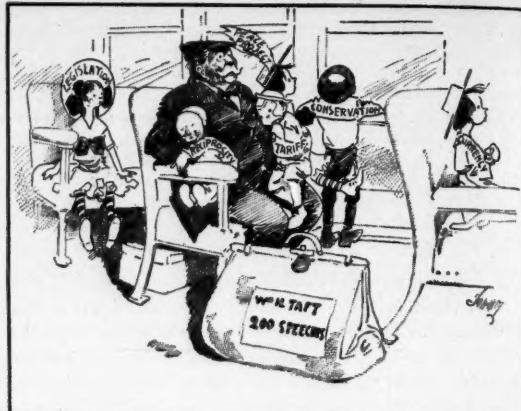
Thus, "having calmed the teapot tempest," does the President admit that the trouble has a bearing on the general efficiency of the Department of Agriculture, comments the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Those who inspired the Wiley charges, concludes the New York *Tribune*, "have now every reason to wish that they had never drawn up a bill of particulars in the Rusby case." Not only must the Doctor's enemies be dismissed or persuaded to resign, but even Secretary Wilson himself, says the New York *Globe*, if he reads the decision carefully, "if he understands what it means and what consequences it must have," will resign. "The Wiley case is over, but the Wilson case is not." And the New York *World* says decisively:

"The vindication of Dr. Wiley should mean the immediate retirement of Secretary Wilson. If it should likewise mean the retirement of Attorney-General Wickersham, the Taft administration would be relieved of a double load of embarrassment."

Yet it must not be supposed that there is universal satisfaction at Dr. Wiley's triumph. He has his critics. A prominent Canadian distiller wrote only a few days before the rendering of this decision that he was assured that a careful investigation could only result in "the conclusion that Dr. Wiley is absolutely unfitted for the position he holds. As a scientific man he is the veriest pretender; and his disposition is so autocratic that he would be a serious menace even if he possesst the technical knowledge which he so sadly lacks." The St. Louis *Modern Miller* also recently asserted that "President Taft would be doing a real service to the interests of pure food by asking for the resignation of this spot-light darling for the good of the service."



PERPETUAL MOTION.

—Pielke in the New York *World*.

WHEN TAFT GOES WEST.

—Donahey in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG.

CAPITAL'S QUANDARY IN ALASKA

THE RECENT appearance in Alaska of ex-Forester Gifford Pinchot, Secretary of the Interior Walter L. Fisher, and a train of newspaper and magazine writers, causes a number of editors to reflect that if President Taft, Colonel Roosevelt, former Secretary Ballinger, and a few others had also been present, the Alaska conservation drama could have been fittingly rehearsed on the home stage. Even the President Taft absented himself, remarks the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* (Rep.), he will deliver a speech at the Conservation Congress in Kansas City, September 25, which will "make clear the Administration's future attitude on Alaskan affairs"; will probably serve the purpose of "cutting loose from the Roosevelt-Pinchot policy of tying up everything and everybody in Alaska"; and, it believes, will help Mr. Taft in his campaign for reelection. The pendulum of public sentiment, think many other writers in the daily press, has gradually swung back from the Pinchot extreme, and now points to Alaska's crying need for coal and the development of her varied natural resources. The conservation organs seem to be saving their fire for the future. Even *Collier's Weekly* explains that "we shall take a hand in the matter next winter; earlier, if we happen to feel like it"; but "*Collier's* does not always think it necessary to discuss a topic interminably because others are discussing it." As for the Alaskans, press dispatches tell us, they are content to wait a while, and will not haul down the American flag, at least not at this time.

Anticipating relief for Alaska, the New York *Sun* (Ind.), reputed to be a Morgan paper, looks far enough ahead to predict that even when capital is given a free hand there, it will still face knotty problems. Some of that supposedly valuable coal, maintains *The Sun*, has been reduced to powder by a slipping of the stratification, and "can be mined with a spoon." Furthermore, Controller Bay is a huge ice-field and marsh, valuable only as a breeding-place for wild fowl; and the Guggenheims and other capitalists "are not now looking for anything new to exploit," and they will be lucky to come out with whole hides in view of the "heavy investments already made." Poor promoters, echoes the New York *Tribune* (Rep.)—"in a rough, inhospitable, half-frozen country stretching into the Arctic Circle, pioneering is no royal road to wealth, and it is evident that a great deal of capital will have to be sunk in development enterprises before any substantial profits can be got out of them." There is little likelihood that Alaskans will be held up and robbed, thinks *The Tribune*, with the people "to do the work of development under the guiding hand of government."

The Sun shows, as follows, the hard straits of capital in the Controller Bay section:

"There is not one tree on the lands eliminated by President Taft from the forest reserve, and back of the tract is a glacier which extends up into the Chugach Mountains. It is from three to four miles from high-water mark to a point at which thirty feet of water is available for shipping. The deep-water area is merely a channel which is neither definite nor permanent. The movement of detritus causes the channel in the bay to shift to such an extent that no geodetic survey charts made at any considerable intervals would be alike. Then there are the ice and the winds. The amount of fresh water in Controller Bay causes the freezing of the surface every winter. This ice moves with every tide and the movement is so strong that mile-long trestle structures would inevitably be destroyed. To build a road from Controller Bay would mean to lay tracks over the bars and flats of the intricate and shifting delta of the Bering. The so-called Ryan road would reach no coal which could be shipped out of Alaska, even if it had a terminal from which shipping were possible. No development has been done which would permit placing a valuation on the field or any part of it. The timber (on other lands) is small, stunted, knotty, brittle, and wobbly, useless for piling, lumber, or ties."

All of these things, *The Sun*'s correspondent affirms, Secretary Fisher, Gov. Walter Ely Clark, and party ascertained by cruising and tramping around the Territory. Everywhere the visitors pitched camp, we read, the settlers extended "bear-skins of welcome"; and when Mr. Fisher returned to the States it was with pleasant impressions of Alaska as a summering-place. Gifford Pinchot gathered a new quiver-full of conservation arrows, but is said to have found Alaska's latch-string hanging on the inside of the door. The Secretary of the Interior is reported to have made the following statement after he had investigated the situation:

"Those coal claimants who under the law are entitled to patents to their lands will get their patents as soon as it is possible to grant them, and fraudulent claims will be denied. . . . If the Government expects to assume responsibility for the welfare of this country, it certainly should raise no objection to sharing the expense if it expects to limit the scope of private initiative. If it retards present development for the sake of the future, it certainly should raise no objection to putting up its share of expenditure necessary to provide now for that future development."

"I feel sure that if a delegation of substantial citizens of Alaska will visit Washington next winter and present to Congress a list of things which are most needed, there will be little trouble in gaining desired legislation."

Laws made for Alaska soon after it was bought, asserts *The Mining and Scientific Press* (San Francisco), as quoted in the

Cordova *Daily Alaskan* (Rep.), are antiquated, and, "ostrich-like, Congress has kept its head in the sand and refused to see that conditions have changed." *Innocent Alaska*, concludes the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* (Rep.), "has been the goat of it all; the goose that lays the golden egg has been killed, and another goose must be found."

MEXICO'S DELAYED MILLENNIUM

OBSERVERS this side of the Rio Grande are beginning to think that perhaps it needed more than a change of rulers to usher in the millennium in Mexico. Stories of street riots, stoned candidates, and fights between bands of armed partisans call forth the Milwaukee *Sentinel's* editorial remark that "there may be a difference between a revolution

and an [election campaign in Mexico, but they look suspiciously alike." Mud-slinging having proved too tame for the campaigners in Mexican cities, the ardent followers of Reyes or Madero "have to mix in cobble-stones," notes the Chicago *News*. Since the election set for October 15 is considered the first genuine presidential election in Mexico in this generation, other papers simply remember that the nation is undergoing a severe test, and see, with the New York *Tribune*, "grounds for expectation that Mexico will successfully endure the trial."

Further editorial approbation of the tranquil state of the Mexican populace reads rather strangely, however, after a glance at some of the Associated Press and special dispatches that have been appearing in these papers during the last few days under Mexican date-lines. One day the venerable Bernardo



CANDIDATE MADERO.

Tho he might have seized the reins of government in Mexico and succeeded Diaz as dictator, he preferred to await the issue of a constitutional election. He is looked upon as the probable winner.

Reyes, whose supporters call themselves Popular Evolutionists, is stoned and robbed when he attempts to make a speech in Mexico City, and the ensuing riot keeps the town in a turmoil for a full day. Four days later, the admittedly popular Madero, candidate of the Progressive party, goes to Vera Cruz and is mobbed by a crowd made up of both friends and enemies. Less than a hundred miles from the Capital one Emilio Zapata is carrying on a desultory warfare at the head of his army of several hundred "bandits." Small risings and rumors of risings in various parts of the country are said to be keeping the Government in a state of perpetual worry, tho not, perhaps, offering occasion for serious concern. Occasional outrages by ex-revolutionists or drunken campaigners keep up the

proper amount of electoral excitement among the plantations. "The elections are near," observes Stephen Bonsal, in *Collier's Weekly*, "and the country is most certainly in bad shape for such a novel and trying experience." Or, as a New York *Sun* headline puts it: "REBELLION, RIOT, AND REYES—THREE THINGS DISTURB THE CALM OF MADERO'S MEXICO."

The utterances of the former Provisional President, made perhaps in the heat of campaign excitement, are criticized harshly by the American press. In one speech, notes the *Troy Times*, summarizing news dispatches, he "reminded his hearers that he overthrew the Diaz Government, and asserted that General Reyes was trying to rob him of the fruits of victory, adding that he hoped Reyes would be forced to leave the country." This, adds *The Times*, "is not the language of moderation and fair play, and, it is to be hoped, not an indication of the temper that will prevail should Madero be elected." Such a "vituperative assault" upon the character and record of his rival is not consistent with Madero's "pose as altruist and unselfish patriot," and "appears to be inspired by inordinate ambition," comments the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. "What sort of democracy is this we have gained?" the San Francisco *Chronicle* quotes "a number of Mexican papers" as "asking in derision," and it answers them in their own tone:

"Apparently they were under the delusion that Madero came to establish an enlightened democracy. He came to establish himself, and in the stifling of opposition before he is elected it is easy to foresee that, if chosen, he will not hesitate to use the methods by which Diaz kept in office so long. Under Madero Mexico will get, if not the democracy it deserves, at least as much of it as the people are capable of."

Such incidents as are noted above lead the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* to the conclusion that "the more Mexicans would change Mexico, the more it remains the same thing."

"Revolutions may come and go; President or dictator may succeed President or dictator; but the Government, if it is to be a government, must face exactly the conditions that Diaz faced, and settle them in essentially the same manner—no matter how euphemistically the process may be described."

But from its point of vantage so close to the Mexican border, and so near the center of the revolutionary activities of a few months since, the El Paso (Tex.) *Herald* takes a much more hopeful view of the situation. Madero's address before the convention that nominated him was, it declares, "characterized by saneness and conservatism." And we read further:



GENERAL BERNARDO REYES.

Once the "idol of the army" and so popular that Diaz gave him employment in Europe. His contest for the Presidency against Madero is now providing Mexico with the thrills of a real campaign.



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Standing, from the reader's left to right, are Governors Smith (Ga.), Wilson (N. J.), Tener (Pa.), Plaisted (Me.), Aldrich (Neb.), Pothier (R. I.), O'Neal (Ala.), Norris (Mont.), Kitchin (N. C.), Carey (Wyo.), Gilchrist (Fla.), and Vessey (S. D.).

SOME OF THE STATE MAGISTRATES PRESENT AT THE

"If he can enforce his views of fair play in the exercise of the popular suffrage and in the treatment of foreign and home capital, he will be entitled to recognition as a statesman of much ability. His chief danger is that so much more has been promised by his associates and subordinate leaders than can possibly be made good in a reasonable length of time, that he will be continually forced to explain delays and failures in carrying out the elaborate revolutionary program. Whether he or another be elected President of the Republic, ample time ought to be allowed for working out the great economic and political changes for which the revolution was fought. It took fifteen years to restore normal conditions in the United States after the great Civil War, and only three months have elapsed since arms were grounded in Mexico."

Similarly the Springfield *Republican* sees the strength of Madero as the striking fact in the Mexican situation, and it quotes "an American public man in Mexico" as observing that "the impression here is that Madero is meeting a difficult situation well." Mexico, thinks the New York *Tribune*, has passed very creditably through the "severe test of reestablishing peace under a provisional government after a violent revolution, and of adjusting and adjudicating affairs under the new order." Now comes the more severe test of conducting a constitutional general election and acquiescing in the result, but *The Tribune* is confident that Mexico will again acquit itself well, and hopes that it will thus "form the habit" of constitutionalism as strongly as it once had the habit of revolutions."

The political situation is interestingly outlined in a New York *Sun* dispatch from Mexico City. Madero will probably be elected President next month, we are assured, unless the Reyistas succeed in getting Congress to postpone the election for six months or a year.

"It is considered certain that if the election is postponed the result will be the election of Reyes or President de la Barra.

"The followers of Madero are declaring openly that if an effort is made to postpone the election they will immediately take up arms and take charge of the Government so as to force the election. . . . Many conservative people are predicting that no matter how the matter is arranged Mexico will see another revolution after the elections, as the defeated party will be sure to start trouble.

"While General Reyes has almost the solid support of the business interests of the Republic, the common people hate him cordially. Many who would be willing to vote for some other candidate than Madero will not do so because of their hatred for Reyes.

"Without doubt, as matters now rest, De la Barra could be elected if he would consent to run, and the people who are working for a postponement of the elections hope that in the long run, if they are successful, he will change his mind and accept a nomination. His candidacy would conciliate all factions."

In order to bring about a fair and peaceful election, and to prevent further campaign disorder, President De la Barra, says another dispatch, has appointed a moderation committee. It is composed of three representatives from each party, will meet

twice each week, and will try to keep speakers and newspaper editors from exciting their fellow partisans by violent attacks on the opposition or on the personality of the candidates.

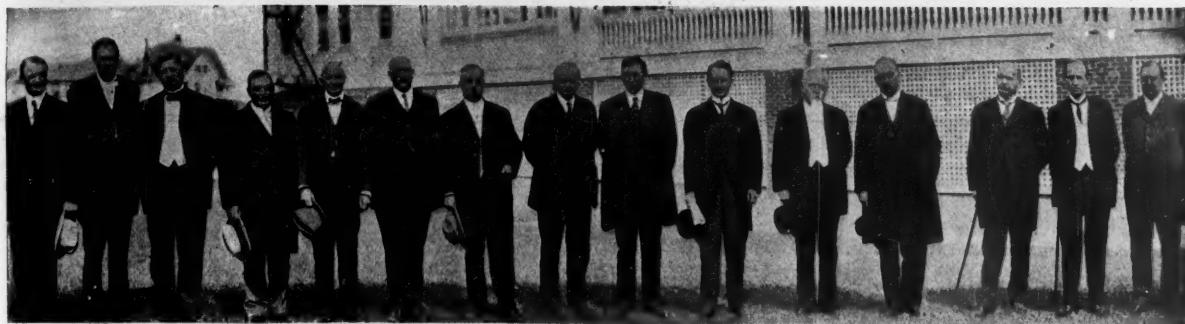
RESURRECTION OF "STATE'S RIGHTS"

NO ONE would expect the "House of Governors" to help along the centralization of power that is going on at Washington at the expense of the States, and, in fact, ever since this body of State rulers began its annual sessions, it has been the one great force in the opposite direction. Its latest meeting, last week, at Spring Lake, N. J., has attracted even more notice than usual in this respect. Another feature widely noted is its work for uniform State laws. No other body exists which could so well take up these two lines of needed activity, it is observed, and while little of moment has been really accomplished thus far, this is only its third session, and more is looked for as it grows in prestige and in consciousness of its possibilities. Its sessions betoken "a renaissance" of State's rights, suggests the Boston *Herald* (Ind.). The dimly defined limits of Federal and State authority cause the New York *Globe* (Rep.) to assert that "we want a clearly marked line of posts showing the exact line between the two estates," for "tired, very tired, has the public become of this game of battledore and shuttlecock." And *The Globe* continues with a poetic touch:

"It is the equinoctial season of the year, when the sun comes up like thunder and sinks behind the Jersey marshes with equal suddenness at nightfall. There is thus in the miracle of morning and evening a symbol that impresses the reason of the meeting. There must be in our institutions no twilight land between the beginning of the national and the ending of the State jurisdiction. It is the habit of the hour, whenever Washington is about to assume a prerogative, that this particular thing should be done, but that it must be done at Trenton, or Albany, or Harrisburg. Then, when effort is made to secure action at Trenton, or Albany, or Harrisburg, it is conclusively demonstrated that if done at all, it must be done at Washington. . . . There must be no unoccupied lanes to grow up to weeds and to be the resort of evil-doers who hide in its umbrage and dart out on this side and that as watching vigilance relaxes. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root have been right when insisting that as to certain things it was not so much important who did them as to get them done.

"The House of Governors are not to fashion a new Constitution. But they may profitably busy themselves concerning the rational and inclusive interpretation of our old one. The sea may have a margin, at one hour water and the next land, but there must be no similar doubtful territory between the nation and the States."

True, the Governors may never write a new Constitution, admits the New York *World* (Dem.), but the Supreme Court appears to have already been abolished, as the conference "appointed a committee to tell the court how it must decide cases



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Standing, from the reader's left to right, are Governors Hay (Wash.), Cruce (Okla.), Shafrroth (Colo.), Willson (Ky.), Noel (Miss.), Harmon (O.), Spry (Utah), Stubbs (Kan.), Burke (N. D.), Hadley (Mo.), Mann (Va.), Hawley (Ida.), McGovern (Wis.), Glasscock (W. Va.), and Foss (Mass.).

THIRD MEETING OF THE "HOUSE OF GOVERNORS."

involving State legislation regulating public-service corporations." The committee to which *The World* refers is made up of Governors Judson Harmon, of Ohio, Herbert S. Hadley, of Missouri, and Chester H. Aldrich, of Nebraska; and it was appointed following an attack by Governor Aldrich on the decision of United States Circuit Judge Sanborn in the Minnesota rate cases. "This action was not taken without a full realization of its significance as an alliance of the States as such to protest and assert jointly their rights," declares a New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) dispatch, "not only to govern intrastate commerce, but, as the tone of the discussion indicated, in other respects, too, if other questions arise." Judge Sanborn's decision roused the Governors because it seems to pave the way for Federal interference with State railway regulation. Governor Aldrich summarized his objections as follows:

"If allowed to proceed along the line of this unwarranted assumption of power, representative Government will be in name only. . . .

"I say first, that it is unjust and unsound. Second, that it has failed to look into the operations of the statute complained of in its broadest sense. Third, it does not view the entire scope of this law in determining whether it violates the Interstate Commerce clause. Fourth, it ignores and does not consider the full power of the State to make such a regulation and the fairness of that law. Fifth, its conclusions are based on isolated instances and extreme cases, which is contrary to the well-settled law of this country. Sixth, it does not take into consideration nor in any way attempt to show what is the volume of traffic affected in particular instances as compared to the general volume of traffic of the companies. And last, and possibly most important of all, it does not show nor take into consideration whether the readjustments of interstate rates caused by the reduction of local rates are non-compensatory."

The "House of Governors," so called, has not only had to contend with "State's rights," but with such a variety of State and national questions that some stubborn diversities of opinion have cropped out. Thus sharp tiffs have followed the discussion of such topics as employers'-liability and workingmen's-compensation laws, control of public utilities, the inheritance tax, uniform divorce laws, railroad and steamship rates, conservation of natural resources, and the development of waterways and water-power. "Progressive" Governors have found themselves most at home at the conference. In welcoming his fellow executives Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, explained that "the vitality of this conference lies in the fact that it has released itself from Federal guidance."

Uniform State laws, and divorce laws especially, claimed a large part of the Governors' time, and the movement was given impetus by the promise of President Taft to speak on divorce on his Western trip, and by a conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, which was held in Boston. Gov. Marion E. Hay, of Washington, speaking of "divorce flights," deplored the fact that "a man may not do a certain thing in one State,

but can hop into an auto, cross the border into another State, and do that very thing." Gov. John Burke, of North Dakota, would require a person suing for divorce "to be a resident for five years of the State in which he sues"; and "if we had uniform regulations such as I suggest, young men and women would be more chary about getting married."

"Don't you believe it, Burke," chimed in Gov. Albert W. Gilchrist, of Florida, according to the New York *Evening World*:

"Young folks who want to get married aren't going to be scared out of it by any laws. They are going to make fools of themselves just as they have been since marriage was first invented. They're going to jump first and think afterward."

That the "velocity of divorce" grew in ratio from 1 to 34, in 1870, to 1 to 12, in 1907, is pointed out by the New York *Times*, which paper echoes some of the Gilchrist sentiments in the assertion that "the matrimonial problem is primarily not one of law, but of morals and conduct and character, falling within the field of religion rather than that of law."

FEARS OF ANOTHER PANIC

THE DOWNWARD tendency of prices in Wall Street has been too extensive, says one financial writer, to be lightly disposed of as mere "manipulation" or a professional "rigging" of the market. The leading railway stocks have suffered losses of from \$20 to \$35 a share, and every week, and sometimes every day, since midsummer, have shown a shrinkage in value. The railroads are the arteries of trade, and when they give such plain signs of distress, it is not strange that many observers argue that trade all over the country must be in a bad way. The war-scare over Morocco and the financial panic in Germany are blamed for last week's decline, but the drop began long before these events and the fundamental causes are thought by many to lie deeper than a spell of fright over a war believed to be remote or impossible. The view in London, says a cable dispatch to the New York *Journal of Commerce*, is "very gloomy and discouraged," and regards the world-wide declines as "neither temporary nor fickle." One cause for this is "the universal revolt of labor against conditions responsible for high prices of food and raiment," and these conditions show no signs of early betterment. Many, too, consider the iron and steel trade our basic industry and look at it as a sort of business barometer, and recent reports from it have been the reverse of encouraging. *The Iron Age* for September 14 presents a picture of the trade that is anything but bright.

Not only has the stock market been on the down grade all summer, says *Moody's Magazine* (Fin., New York, September), "but the significant part of the present situation is that the market, even after this drop, does not give the slightest signs of

recovery." In other words, it adds, "no one with money to buy things apparently believes that the bottom has been reached, or that the market is anywhere near the bottom." Early reports of "bumper" crops have proved false, and the "shouters" who were predicting a rise two months ago are now "pointing unmistakably toward the worst cataclysm this country has ever seen." But Mr. Moody does not share their pessimism. Panics, he points out, have always come after a period of inflated prosperity. We have had no such "boom" period. He adds:

"We are simple-minded enough to see the silver lining behind the dark clouds, and to give some consideration to the redeeming factors in the general situation. We do not think, for example, that the next Presidential election is going to be a factor in bringing on a panic; we do not think that investigations of the trusts are things which are going to bring on a panic; we do not think that short crops this year are going to bring on a panic next year; nor do we think that a lot of commercial failures, and a bursting of the land-value bubble, will at this time bring on a panic. All of these things will no doubt tend to continue the present depression, and delay the time when a business boom will get under way again. But unless we have completely ignored some very important factors, there seems to be as much in sight to prevent a panic during the coming year as to bring one on. . . ."

"In fact, we are already in the midst of a process of liquidation and readjustment, which, while it must go on for some time longer, is taking place gradually, instead of being suddenly sprung upon us, which would be the case if conditions were ripe for a panic. This very process, therefore, is forestalling the probability of a panic, and if continued for six months or a year longer, the country may be in a state of real liquidation where a new era of business expansion and development will at once get under way."

The industrial reaction is likely to "continue some months longer," agrees the New York *Financial World*, "but no severe trade depression seems probable." "Our crops," it adds, "will show generous, if not bountiful, yields in the final estimates, and a good round volume of trade is clearly in prospect, despite the adverse factors." Much encouragement is seen in the resumption of work in many New England textile-mills, giving work to some 85,000 operatives, and the New York *Financial Age* observes that this will mean much for the prosperity, not alone of New England, but of the country as a whole. *Dun's Review* gives this heartening view of trade:

"Steady improvement in business conditions is indicated by most of the reports which come from the leading industries and from trade-centers. This is further confirmed by the gain in bank clearings, the reduction in number of idle cars, and the increase in pig-iron production. Apparently there is a much more

optimistic sentiment regarding the cotton and grain crops, in spite of the recent Government reports of conditions; and with the prospect of fair average farm returns, low stocks of goods on the shelves of distributing merchants, and an abundant supply of money, the fall season is opening with a considerable growth of confidence, which is helped by the lull in political activities, the gradual subsiding of war-talk abroad, and the better outlook as regards the labor situation at home. Resumption of work in many New England textile-mills this week is an event of value. Moreover, the demand for dry-goods, both jobbing and at retail, is improved. While the wool market is more quiet for the moment, business is fair and quotations firm. In the shoe-trade conservative gain also appears, and the same is true as regards leather. The improvement in iron and steel is mostly in the increased output of pig iron as in finished materials there is a diminished demand, except in structural goods, the continued activity in which indicates satisfactory building-operations. Altogether the quickened movement in general business, while not large, is indicative of a satisfactory season of fairly normal conditions."

The New York *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* attributes the decline in railway shares to the hostile attitude of the administration which refuses to let the railways advance rates, and adopts in general a minatory mien. In Great Britain the Government shows some consideration for the roads. But:

"In this country, on the other hand, no official, from the highest to the lowest, seems to have either the courage or the decency to stand out for fair treatment of the carrying industry. . . . This difference in policy toward large capital investments may account for the fact that a radical administration on the other side is not viewed with the same dread and fear as it is in the United States. There the spirit of fair play is always in evidence, and no one would countenance the surrender of the ordinary principles of equity and justice. In this country radical schemes of government, judging by recent experience, rank closely akin to unbridled license, and hence suggest disaster."

In reply we may quote an equally high authority, the New York *Journal of Commerce*, which remarks:

"The railroad companies are very much in the habit of representing themselves as the victims of popular prejudice and hostile legislation. But a comparison of the railroad earnings with the evidences of the volume and profits of general business will satisfy any one that the railroads have not been suffering from persecution, but from a dulness of trade that has affected commerce in nearly every form. The decrease in gross earnings in the first six months of this year compared with last is only 2.16 per cent. We venture to say that a large proportion of the merchants and the manufacturers of the country found their gross earnings in the first half of this year more than 2.16 per cent. less than last."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

MAINE finds that she just can't satisfy everybody.—*Baltimore Sun*.

DOC WILEY is convinced that it was all a pure feud.—*Montgomery Advertiser*.

MAINE appears to be neither wet nor dry, but just a little moist.—*New York Evening Post*.

GENERAL REYES was robbed of \$1,500 by a mob, but there is no doubt that if he is elected president he will get it back with interest.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

AN ordinary voter must be remarkably astute or extraordinarily prejudiced to know which political party he belongs to at the present moment.—*Chicago News*.

THE farmer must now contemplate the difficult task of voting against Taft for favoring reciprocity and against the Democrats for passing it.—*Indianapolis Star*.

THE population of Philadelphia has been increased. Two Egyptian mummies have been received. Both will probably be voted in the next city election.—*Memphis Commercial-Appeal*.

AMONG the entries in the Glidden tour appears the name of Governor-Senator Hoke Smith. He will motor from New York City to Jacksonville via Atlanta, but it is stated he will occupy only one seat.—*Houston Post*.

THE dispatch from Washington stating that Senator La Follette is "keeping in the background as well as he can" reveals the dilemma in which a retiring soul is placed when his friends insist upon pushing him into prominence.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

THE outcome of the Maine election offers opportunity for a display of dry humor.—*Brooklyn Times*.

THERE will never be a wool schedule that can fully protect the Wall Street lamb.—*Washington Star*.

PEACE is Colonel Roosevelt's invention. President Taft should invent something for himself.—*Chicago News*.

PERHAPS the conference of Governors would like to hit upon a uniform plan to get themselves reelected.—*Washington Herald*.

MR. KIPLING might have mentioned the fact that our magazine rates are even higher than our murder and divorce rates.—*New York Evening Post*.

HAS Loeb's wonderful success as a collector of revenue anything to do with the plan to make him head of the Republican National Committee?—*New York World*.

THE Socialists seem to be trying to change Labor Day from the first Monday in September to the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.—*Life*.

OUR present excellent relations with Japan are to be explained in large measure by Captain Hobson's absorption in the Maine prohibition campaign.—*New York Evening Post*.

MR. HILL says the only thing that will drive people back to the land is an empty stomach. Aviators say an empty petrol-tank amounts to the same thing.—*Wall Street Journal*.



PORUGAL'S GENTLE PRESIDENT

THE FORMAL ELECTION of a President for Portugal and the promulgation of a constitution have given the Republic a standing it lacked before, and have thus paved the way for its recognition, and the United States, France, Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Spain have already given it this sanction. Manuel de Arriaga y de Silveira was what the Manchester *Guardian* calls a "dark horse" in the presidential campaign, but was almost unanimously elected by the Assembly over Bernardino Machado by 217 out of the possible 221 votes cast. "A fine example of unanimity!" exclaims the Madrid *Epoque*, which proceeds with rare impartiality to speak in glowing terms of the new ruler of Portugal, who is a man of exceptional parts, experience, and antecedents. In this clerical organ we read:

"Manuel de Arriaga is the most respectable personality among the Portuguese Republicans. The tempest of mutual defamation which so frequently has desolated the field of Portuguese republicanism, and on some occasions has not spared the retiring provisional president, Teófilo Braga, has never touched Manuel de Arriaga. He must, indeed, be a good man of whom the Republicans, always ready to slander and calumniate others, can say nothing bad. He is most radical in his ideas on the religious question, an eclectic and opportunist in political and economic questions, literally austere in private and public life. He is thus shown to be a man capable of bearing the burden, under whatever conditions, of the present frightful state of things in his country."

The tolerance for all parties and tendencies, religious or otherwise, which distinguishes the new Chief Magistrate is noted approvingly by the *Tribuna* (Rome) which, after remarking that "the religious question has become the fundamental question of the new régime," tells us that while "the nation approves an anticlerical policy, they do not desire the Government to go to the extreme of an antireligious policy." The Assembly showed by their choice of Arriaga their recognition of his "temperate mind and serene judgment, which renders him incapable of rushing to uncompromising extremes."

This same organ of the Italian Government gives an interesting account of the new President's ancestry and personality:

"He is a man much esteemed and beloved in his country; he is an old Republican; an apostle of new ideas since his first participation in public life. He belongs to an ancient family of Fayal in the Azores. He has royal blood in his veins. The grandmother of Manuel Arriaga was a descendant of King Alfonso XIII. of Portugal, and one of her ancestors was the Spanish King Remiro II. At the head of that house was Hugh Capet, Duke of France, Count of Paris, and Prince of Orleans.

"Thus by one of the strangest coincidences of history the Republic which disposesst Queen Amelia of Orleans has placed at the head of the new régime a man of Orleans blood."

De Arriaga is seventy-five years old, reports the *Pester Lloyd*. A tone of foreboding seems to run through the following forecast:

"It is pleasant to anticipate that through the efforts and

influence of Arriaga a modification of the extreme Republican policy will appear, at least during the first year of his incumbency. It is, however, still a question whether the new President will be allowed a free hand in imbuing the politics of Portugal with his own gentle spirit. The new constitution, which comes into effect at this moment, seems to give him small discretion in his administration, and it is to be feared that the intolerant and aggressive elements in the Government will prove considerable obstacles in the way. If this should come to pass, it would be extremely unfortunate for a little Republic that has just laid aside its swaddling-clothes."

These "elements" of dangerous disaffection are many of them to be found in the Carbonari, says the Paris *Temps*. Upon these bandits the Government of Teófilo Braga was forced to rely as aids in exercising terrorism over the monarchical and clerical masses. The following is the advice offered by this powerful Paris daily:

"Mr. de Arriaga and his ministers must exercise their authority free and unhampered, for theirs is the sole responsibility. This undoubtedly will prove no easy task, since it has hitherto been taken for granted that the services and support of the Carbonari were necessary for the security of the Government. The free exercise of authority is indispensable, and, until this question is settled, Portugal is going to have an adventurous time of it."

The relations of England and Portugal, says *The Spectator* (London), forbid English statesmen to look without sympathy and concern on the Republic's new era. It was prophesied that the Provisional Government would not last for more than a few weeks. It has

lasted for a year, we are reminded, and has elected a President. To quote the hopeful comment of this journal with regard to a man who "writes poetry, is too much given to the melting mood in his oratory," and is only a moderate Republican:

"The manner in which Dr. Arriaga was elected President was in itself a symptom of moderation and reasonableness. He was not the nominee of any party, but was the candidate who divided opinions least. That such a choice should have been ratified with enthusiasm is a good sign."

But there are bad signs ahead also for this "junta of journalists," under their new President, thinks the London *Morning Post*, a champion of Manuel. Hence we read of de Arriaga and his supporters:

"The Moderates, who elected him, fondly hoped that the firebrands would accept his white locks and revere him as a Grand Old Man, but the Extremists are not lightly to be balked of their ambition. A violently factious Opposition is brewing trouble, and the inevitable schism between urban and rural Portugal must soon maim and drain the nation. Doctor Affonso Costa, the Minister of so-called Justice in the Provisional Government, is already on the warpath, where many of his compatriots whom he flung into prison will be eager to meet him. . . . Portugal is about to learn the lesson that it is easier to dismiss the cook to-day than to be sure of dinner to-morrow."

None of these journals is temerarious enough to suggest, however, that, with all the forebodings of internal troubles in Portugal, England will soon be relieved of the guest whose principal occupation is said to be attending race-meetings or going to afternoon teas.—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*



A PRESIDENT OF ROYAL BLOOD.
Manuel de Arriaga is a descendant of the House of Orleans. He is here seen acknowledging the cheers that greeted his election.

IS ENGLAND STIRRING UP WAR?

GERMANY is convinced that England is trying to push her into a war with France over Morocco. So the Berlin papers openly charge. The Kaiser's Navy has not yet reached that superiority over the British Navy which is expected in a few years, and if the dreaded Anglo-German war comes now, England would be more likely to win. So the Ger-



A PROMISING CHILD.

—Lustige Blätter (Berlin).

mans fear the British are scheming to join with France while their Navy is still the stronger, and humble Germany. The British press scout all this as nonsense, and reply that the Germans are merely raising a dust of false accusation to confuse the issue and cover their retreat. Says Premier Asquith:

"Any statements that we have so interfered to prejudice negotiations between France and Germany are mischievous inventions, without the faintest foundation in fact."

Mr. Lloyd-George merely remarks that his Government will remain faithful to the *entente cordiale* with France, yet the *Lokal Anzeiger* (Berlin), in an article supposed to be inspired, practically gives the lie to Asquith and treats the Chancellor of the Exchequer as "a bawler of rhodomontade." To quote from this German organ:

"Among the many obscure and bewildering incidents in the Morocco question there is one at least which we can clear up, having received full information with regard to it. The fact which we wish to be known is this—that in the negotiations concerning Morocco at present going on between the two Governments of Germany and France not a word has been said concerning the occupation of territory. This fact explodes the fable of Germany's weakening before England's attitude, and makes the lion's roaring of the British Minister appear to be what it really is—a piece of cheap rhodomontade. It was merely a bid for the moral support of the Government by the English voters, for one of the greatest reproaches which the Conservatives hurl against the Liberals is that these latter have shown too little firmness in their recent foreign policy."

Then lashing itself to fury over such things as "English threats" and "the unfriendly speech" of an English Minister, this same paper concludes with the following words of exultant triumph in which England is given a final kick:

"Of course Germany is quite powerful enough to cut through the knots of these entanglements at any moment if she so desired. But what would be the advantage? Even without war Germany will pursue the upward path of progress, and in some twenty years will stand forth as the arbiter of the Old World. Reckon this out for yourselves. In twenty years Germany's prosperity will have doubled and her population will have increased to 90,000,000. Where will France be then? Yes, and where will England be, with her hundreds of social and political

problems, every one of which carries in itself the threat of her annihilation."

Even the Liberal *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin) refers to the "feeling of antagonism to England which has recently sprung up in Germany." The general idea of the people is that "England seeks with cunning and unscrupulousness to drive France into a war with Germany for its own selfish purposes, and to prevent a settlement of the Morocco affair."

The clerical *Germania* (Berlin) speaks in an equally strong vein of invective against English "effrontery," and we read:

"The patience of Germany is great, but it has its limits, and these limits have now been reached. We must hope that the German Government will make quite clear the sentiments of the German people, who are by no means inclined to accept in silence all the impudent abuse and all the provocations which proceed from English official circles."

The London *Times*, in reply, says that such utterances originate in "an obvious desire to cover up Germany's retreat from untenable positions." The German press "wishes the German public not to know that England has persistently and consistently striven to bring about the Franco-German agreement." "The octopus when alarmed," remarks *The Daily Mail* (London), "tries to hide itself by discharging an inky cloud. Germany has adopted this ruse." All the better, continues this paper:

"These assaults on the British may be a good omen. If they are contrived to cover a retreat we shall not resent their injustice. Our conscience is clear and void of offense, for we know, and German statesmen know, that Mr. Asquith [in the speech quoted above] spoke the whole truth."

The Westminster Gazette (London) expresses dissatisfaction at "the sudden switch-off onto this country" of the abuse hitherto



TWO SUFFERERS.

MARS—"The International Peace Tribunal has cut off one of my legs."

PEACE—"And the abominable jingoes have given me a black eye, shaved off my angelic locks, and stolen my halo!"

—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart).

poured out upon France, but sees grounds for consolation in the fact, for "if this merely means that England is to play the part of lightning-conductor in this affair, we may bear it with good humor and wait for the storm to pass." *The Spectator* (London) takes comfort from the same source, and remarks



REASSURING MOROCCO.

"DON'T BE AFRAID, MY COLORED FRIEND. WE SHALL ONLY EACH TAKE A LITTLE BIT."

—Kikeriki (Vienna).

that "we can only hope that the diversion against Great Britain is deliberately designed to cover a quite friendly and reasonable bargain with France. If this should turn out to be so, we think no one here would greatly resent the vilification after all."

PREPARATIONS FOR A WORLD STRIKE

AVISION of all the world's seaports lying silent and paralyzed in the grip of a world-wide labor-union is beheld by the President of the International Transport Workers' Federation. It "can tie up the shipping of the entire world within twenty-four hours," he boasted to William Wile, the Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*. It was ready to take this step in support of the English railway workers in their recent strike, and presumably would be willing to do as much for those of America. For seven years this association of transport workers has been extending its network of cooperation throughout the commercial centers of the globe. Mr. H. Jochade, its president, is a man of untiring energy and resource. Mr. Wile says that he is "a fine example of the intelligent German labor leader, a metal-worker by trade, but has been a railway servant in his time, his father having been an official of the Prussian State Railways. The president of the International Federation of Transport Workers is 'a physical giant, just entering the forties, and of a type which would have rejoiced the heart of Frederick the Great in his search for towering grenadiers.'" Of the power of the International Federation Mr. Jochade, in an interview with *The Daily Mail's* representative, remarked:

"We have control over no fewer than 300 harbors throughout Europe and America. Forty-four separate national associations of workmen are represented in the Federation, with which are affiliated between 600,000 and 700,000 transport workers in the following eighteen countries: Great Britain, Germany, the United States, Austria, Hungary, France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Spain, Portugal, Bulgaria, Rumania, Finland, and Switzerland. We are in constant and regular touch with our various constituent organizations through the medium of a 'Correspondence Bulletin,' published weekly in five different languages. Our international body is as

thoroughly centralized and organized as the German General Staff. We work on important occasions with a secret cipher code which, if employed in telegraphic or cable communication, would enable us to paralyze traffic all over the world within twenty-four hours."

The strike and the boycott are the two weapons employed against capitalism, says Mr. Jochade, "for the amelioration of labor grievances." He speaks with great moderation as follows:

"Our constitution contains very cautious provisions with regard to railway strikes. We recognize the impossibility of establishing certain rules to be followed in all countries. We expect the railway men's organizations affiliated with the Federation to resort to strikes, passive resistance, or other fighting means for the social improvement of their members only if they are absolutely sure of public sympathy. We recommend strikes or other measures of last resort for the amelioration of railway men's grievances only after the impossibility has been demonstrated of arriving at a peaceful settlement between employers and employed or through the cooperation of Parliaments or Governments."

"The Federation also recognizes the boycott as a supplementary fighting means on land and water. The question of declaring a boycott is decided by the central council of the Federation upon request, and after receipt of a detailed description of the prevailing conditions in the country on behalf of whose workers the boycott is desired. It is only in exceptional cases that the Federation can consider a boycott as a proper political fighting means on behalf of the traffic and transport workers."

The Federation is not waving red flags, singing the Marseillaise, or wrecking machinery. Its weapons embody a new application of power, by the concentration of united forces in effecting a bloodless commercial triumph. On this point Mr. Jochade makes the following reassuring observations:

"Despite our enormous fighting power, the International Federation's aims are distinctly and essentially peaceful. We are unalterably opposed to sabotage (wilful damage) or any other form of violence in the conduct of labor disputes. We are against international wars. Our motto is 'War on War.' . . . The International Federation has no authority to decree strikes in any country. . . . Our machinery is only put into motion on request of some national organization; the conduct or direction of a strike would only be transferred to us if it became international."



THE "POLICY OF COMPENSATIONS."

GERMANY—"If I bark long enough I am sure to get something."
FRANCE—"Yes—take this bone and keep quiet."

—Don Chisciotte (Turin).

and essentially peaceful. We are unalterably opposed to sabotage (wilful damage) or any other form of violence in the conduct of labor disputes. We are against international wars. Our motto is 'War on War.' . . . The International Federation has no authority to decree strikes in any country. . . . Our machinery is only put into motion on request of some national organization; the conduct or direction of a strike would only be transferred to us if it became international."

JAPAN'S EMIGRATION FAILURE

JAPAN IS SUFFERING from over-population, and has thus far found no remedy. When emigration to North America aroused hostility, the Japanese Government turned to South America, only to find wages so low there that the Japanese emigrants nearly starved. For once Asiatic labor found itself underbid in the labor market, and Mr. Saito, Director of the Emigration Bureau of the Foreign Department, declares in the *Toyko Keizai Zasshi* (Tokyo Economic Journal) that Japan has virtually abandoned the South American experiment, and is at a loss for any other outlet. The discouraging conditions prevailing there he describes thus:

"In Latin America there is no strong racial antipathy toward the Japanese, such as is prevalent in North America. As a rule, South Americans are friendly toward our immigrants, and in some cases even the governments are inclined to favor Japan-



A SLY BOY.
The crafty Jap filches Saghalin from Russia and Manchuria from China. —*Mucha* (Warsaw).

ese immigration. But all these attractive features are set at naught by the disadvantages and hardships which our immigrants have to combat. In the first place, South American climate has proved uncongenial to them. As a rule, our workingmen have remarkable adaptability to all sorts of climate, but in South America the health of our immigrants was greatly affected. Even more disadvantageous than this is the fact that in South America wages of laborers are so low that our immigrants find it impossible to improve their lot in life, which was their sole aim in going to that distant land. Not only were they unable to save anything out of their earnings, but they became so destitute that they had to ask their home Government for succor when obliged to return home to their native country on account of illness or some other unexpected incident."

In view of these unfavorable circumstances, the Japanese Government felt constrained to step in and advise the emigration companies not to send any more emigrants to South America. Meanwhile, the Japanese population is increasing as rapidly as ever. Where is Japan to send her surplus population? "It is regrettable," says Mr. Saito, "that we can not find a country where our immigrants will be welcomed and where labor conditions are such as would materially assist them in improving their lot." But:

"To maintain her prestige and her friendly relations with foreign nations, Japan is forced to refrain from sending emigrants to those countries where popular sentiment is against them. Moreover, it does not bespeak the wholesome state of a country that it can not find enough employment at home for

all its population. If we had thriving industries at home, there would be no need to send emigrants abroad; on the contrary, we would have to close our doors and keep all our workingmen at home. The only satisfactory solution of the much-mooted emigration question lies, it seems to me, in the development of our industries to such an extent that our laboring class will no longer be compelled to seek employment in foreign lands. Hence it behooves us to bend all our energies to the cultivation of the arts of peace, to the exploitation of our own country, which, though limited in area, still contains considerable fallow lands that ought to be reclaimed, and, above all, to the improvement of our industrial methods and system. To accomplish all this, due time must be allowed. A world of thriving industries can not be created all of a sudden, like *Aladdin's* palace. For some years to come, therefore, we shall be obliged to send our immigrants to Korea and Manchuria."

THE CHINESE MASSACRE IN MEXICO

THE CHINESE Government having assumed a resolute attitude in requiring suitable compensation for the killing of Chinese subjects by the Mexicans, the Japanese press indorse their claims and think that the United States, as an Asiatic power, will only be acting in the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine by assisting Peking in enforcing the demand. Mexico, in turn, may think we should protect an American Republic from Oriental aggression, so that we may find ourselves in a position of great delicacy. The indemnity which China claims of the Mexican Government is variously estimated at from \$6,000,000 to \$16,000,000, and, according to a report in the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi*, the Celestial ruler even threatens to dispatch a warship to Mexican waters, should the Mexicans fail to comply with the demand without delay. The nature of the outrage, which the Peking Court claims was committed by the Mexican rebels, is described by the Tokyo *Asahi* thus:

"The deliberate massacre of Chinese subjects occurred in Torreon. According to the report of the Chinese *Charge d'Affaires* at Mexico City, who sent to the scene of outrage a committee of three men to inquire into the matter, 303 Chinese residing in that town and its vicinity were murdered in cold blood while 59 houses, as well as banks and clubs, all belonging to the Chinese, were destroyed at the hands of insurgents. All this took place without any provocative conduct on the part of the Chinese."

A Mexico City dispatch to the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* even credits the Mexican insurrectos with having displayed that sheer thirst for blood which was seen in the days of Pizarro, and tells the story of how innocent Chinese, half dead from cuts and bruises, were tied to horses and dragged round the town.

The Japanese press without exception heartily sympathize with China and unreservedly indorse the step which Peking has taken in regard to the question. According to the Tokyo *Asahi*, the Chinese Government, besides claiming an indemnity, has demanded of the Mexican Government an apology for insulting the Chinese flag, the summary punishment of malefactors, and the relief of the families of those murdered. The Osaka *Mainichi* champions the cause of China, and asserts that the new Government of Mexico, if it means to be true to its professed adherence to justice and fairness, should promptly meet the terms demanded by China. But

"China's position in this case is beset with dangers and difficulties. For should Mexico, knowing that China is in no position to resort to forceful measures, fall back to a policy of procrastination and evasion, China will find herself powerless to press her demand. China may be able to send a cruiser or two to Mexico for the purpose of demonstration, but the Mexicans know that China must perform stop there, and will look upon such a feeble display of force on China's part with indifference and even sinister sarcasm. To send an army of chastisement across the Pacific is, in China's present condition, utterly out of the question. Should the matter come to this dilemma, the only course open for China would be to invoke the interference of the United States in her favor."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

SCIENCE AND CRIME

IS SCIENCE on the side of the law or the criminal? Both may summon its aid. Some of the greatest criminals in history have been men with expert scientific knowledge, but such knowledge is also widely and successfully used in detecting them. Arthur B. Reeve, who writes on the subject in *Popular Electricity* (Chicago, September), thinks that the balance-sheet shows a margin in favor of the public. The successful criminal of to-day no longer has to rely on the strong arm, the black-jack, and the jimmy. He is a scientist, crude and limited, but very practical, and must employ up-to-date methods or go out of the "profession." He may have a serviceable knowledge of chemistry, physics, toxicology, often microscopy, but most of all electricity. Science, however, is on the side of the law, nine times to every time it is of use to the lawbreaker, and the new scientific crime pays even worse than the old; otherwise it might be regarded as impolitic to describe the methods of the scientific criminal, as is done by Mr. Reeve. He says:

"Within the past few months several very curious safe-robberies have taken place in New York. . . . In all these cases the thieves used an electric drill. They always selected a safe that was in a dark corner, where they could work for some time without fear of being seen or interrupted. Once in the building, the thieves used an electric-light feed wire to which they attached the drill, turned on the current, and began to bore. . . . The old-style safe-blower used to have a complete outfit consisting of blankets, files, soap, putty, a brace and bit, 'soup,' a 'can-opener,' and other tools. The drill is a decided improvement on this bulky outfit.

"No very great acumen is required to secure protection against such methods, however. The surest thing is to have the safe in such a position that it is visible night and day to passers-by. Light is about as good a burglar expeller as one could want. But if one persists in allowing the safe-cracker to screen himself so that he can take his time at the job, then he should adopt some of the really scientific defensive methods which are numerous.

"The latest burglar-proof safe is an invention called the round-about safe, described in a recent issue of a German technical journal. It has been specially designed to baffle burglars with electric drills, thermit, or the oxy-acetylene blowpipe. It is a polygonal steel structure which revolves freely on ball bearings. When the outer door is shut a small electric motor is set in motion and the safe starts revolving ceaselessly and noiselessly on an axis within the stone chamber into which it is built in the wall. Any tampering with its motion causes an alarm-bell to ring. So long as the safe is kept revolving, of course, the electric drill can have no effect, as it can not be applied in one spot long enough to make an impression.

"However, that idea is more interesting than it is practical. Electric protection to-day runs all the way from the simple electric gong which sounds on the street to the very elaborate system which has recently been installed in the United States Treasury. This new system makes it mechanically impossible for an intruder to lift the latch on a door or touch the knobs on a vault without setting electric gongs ringing all over the building. When the doors of the vaults swing shut after each day's business the system becomes operative automatically and when the doors close on the clerks another set of alarms is automatically set. The electric wires all center in a watch-room which is equipped like an armorer's chamber and where guards are on duty every hour of the day and night.

"Then there are other elaborate methods, such, for instance, as has the new safe of the National City Bank of New York, where over half a billion dollars in cash and securities are literally guarded from thieves by steam. A puncture into the sides of the sixteen-ton door of this safe will release a jet of steam that would scald a burglar to death if he did not retreat immediately. Within and without the safe are brass pipes so arranged that by the touch of a secret device steam is released, inside and out, rendering the interior a death-pit at a moment's notice of danger.

"There are other difficulties in the trade of a cracksmen that have been devised. People have thought out schemes for protecting safes by secret pockets of sulfuric and nitric acid, and even the deadly fumes of prussic acid. Then, too, there are in some safes hidden glasses of liquid ammonia that, if broken, imperil the life of the cracksmen by suffocation.

"Light, as mentioned before, is one of the best of burglar expellers. Some time ago a Chicagoan devised an emergency method of lighting for offices and residences, by which the turning of a master-switch at the head of the bed or, mechanically, by the opening of a window or door, can be made to turn on all the lights in an office or house.

"Inventors are now working on a scheme to apply the wonderful element selenium to practical uses, one of which is the construction of a burglar-alarm. Selenium has the very curious property that in the dark it is a very bad conductor of electricity, while in the light it suddenly becomes a good conductor.

"Recently Mr. William J. Hammer, a New York consulting engineer and once an assistant of Edison, suggested that the element should be used as a burglar-alarm. The burglar of the future may be surprised, says Mr. Hammer, when he turns his bull's-eye lantern on the combination of an alluring safe. For on the front of the safe there will be a selenium cell, and the moment the light strikes it a system of relays will be put into action and the cell will sound an alarm."

The expert scientific criminal, Mr. Reeve goes on to say, is exemplified in another direction by the man who tries to defraud or to gain unlawful information by his knowledge of electricity. Such are the devisers of systems for "beating" gas or electric meters, or those who use wireless telegraphy in connection with illegal pool-rooms. Wireless, of course, may be used with effect in the detection and apprehension of the criminal. The Edison "acoustiphone"—a powerful telephone transmitter—has been used by detectives in attempts to hear the conversations of criminals. New terrors to the lawbreaker are the telegraphic transmission of photographs and the x-ray. A valuable diamond was recently detected, by this latter agency, in the digestive tract of a thief who had swallowed it. Then there are the methods of experimental psychology advocated by Professor Münsterberg, and lately exploited more or less in fiction. Lawyers and judges look askance at these, but the "mental x-ray," as it might be called, has occasionally been used with effect and will doubtless make its way rapidly. We read:

"A certain person was strongly suspected of having committed a murder, the direct evidence of his guilt was lacking. Circumstantial evidence was weak, so the prosecuting attorney hit upon a scientific scheme to secure a confession.

"The suspected man was put upon the stand with the witness-chair arranged for the occasion. It had arms upon which the witness would presumably lean his elbows and over the edge of which his fingers would naturally grip. A wire was extended along the under side of one arm; and, at the place where his fingers would naturally clasp the arm, it was connected in such a way that the pressure of his arms and fingers would be recorded on an electrical apparatus in an adjoining room.

"The criminal was placed in the chair and questions were asked him, starting with simple ones so as not to excite deep emotion in the man in the chair if he were guilty. To the eye he was perfectly calm throughout the ordeal. But electricity did its work. He unconsciously telegraphed his emotions to the next room and the information thus obtained was sufficient in the hands of the attorney to secure a confession of guilt from the man. Thus one kind of electric chair sent him to the real 'death chair.'

"Not only electricity and x-rays have been used in criminology, but radium as well. What is believed to be the first case of criminal use of radium recently engaged the attention of Liège, Belgium. A wealthy old bachelor was found dead in his flat. At first it was believed that a stroke of apoplexy had killed him, but a close examination of his body revealed a curious discoloration. A specialist was called in and he gave it as his opinion that the skin looked as if it had been exposed for

a long time to the emanations from radium. Thus the police were led to examine all the inmates of the house and it was found that one of them had fled. Investigation of his room showed he had been occupied in studies of radium, and the police arrived at the conclusion that the old man had been done to death by



Illustrations from "American Forestry."

RECONNAISSANCE PARTY, KAIBAB NAT FOREST, ARIZONA.

a systematic application of radium rays to his head, probably while he was asleep."

In this last instance cited by Mr. Reeve the criminal seems to have won, yet science is still on the side of the law in the vast majority of cases, and doubtless the detective will devise a way to make radium circumvent the very rogues who might use it nefariously and effectively.

A GOOD WORD FOR TOBACCO

WHILE THE WHOLESALE use of tobacco has its evils, readily admitted even by its devotees, the sweeping denunciations of its use may also go too far. Some of these extreme execrations are deprecated by an editorial writer in *American Medicine* (New York). According to this journal about all that we do know of tobacco is that it is injurious to the very young and is apparently harmless to adults. Its use should, therefore, be denied to boys, but exactly what age should mark the limit is doubtful, the writer seems to think. Statistics gathered in Columbia University by Dr. G. H. Meylan show that tobacco-users in the Freshman and Sophomore classes are heavier and bigger than the non-users. They are, however, about eight months older, on the average, which may account for it, and no one can say whether they are as big as they would have been had they let tobacco alone. We read:

"Meylan seems to think that as the users of tobacco are those of larger means, and have had the benefit of better nutrition and generally more favorable environment, they should show much better form than they do, and that, therefore, they may have been stunted by nicotine-poisoning. On the other hand, they make greater gains in development in these two years than the abstainers, yet that may be due to a more natural way of living, for they indulge in outdoor sports more largely. It is also shown that the users are more idle, less ambitious, lack application, and attain a lower scholarship. If tobacco has these effects, it also causes a tendency to religious life, for the vast majority of Christian clergymen use the weed and many of them excessively, even since early boyhood. As a matter of fact, Meylan's figures can be used as a condemnation of our educational system, since the better-endowed boys do not profit by it as much as the weaker and poorer 'grinds' who are often far from normal specimens.

"The benefit of tobacco for adults is also far from being understood, for we must assume a benefit in customs so nearly universal. Harmful habits disappear by the laws of survival.

Whenever an explanation is given out by a physiologist worthy of a hearing, we are quite sure to find his statement flatly contradicted by some one else equally worthy. In the mean time the per capita consumption is apparently steadily increasing, and, moreover, with the progressive development of transportation facilities enabling growers to ship tobacco profitably to and from places formerly inaccessible, we find a steady increase in the amount of the earth's surface devoted to the cultivation of the plant, and a steady increase in the proportion of the world's population making their living in its growth, manufacture, and distribution. The only thing we are sure about is the fact that even a tiny amount is distinctly harmful to little children, and tho to be on the safe side we advise boys to abstain until well past twenty, we really have not the slightest idea of the exact age it can be used with benefit or at least without harm. To accuse it of responsibility for low scholarship or idleness is as baseless as the assumption it keeps men in the church ministry. Healthy normal boys are not instinctive scholars and naturally tend to the tobacco and other habits which we try to repress because of possible dangers, but the wholesale denunciations of the drug in early manhood are as unscientific as the explanations of its benefit for the fully matured. Nor can we yet say what is moderation or excess, and we must take every case on its merits, for we occasionally find men seriously poisoned by an amount apparently indispensable for some one else. The whole subject, like too many others inherited from our pre-scientific days, is full of baseless opinions. We want accurate data, for at present we may assume from Meylan's figures that as the best-developed boys are the users, the habit is a natural and wholesome one."

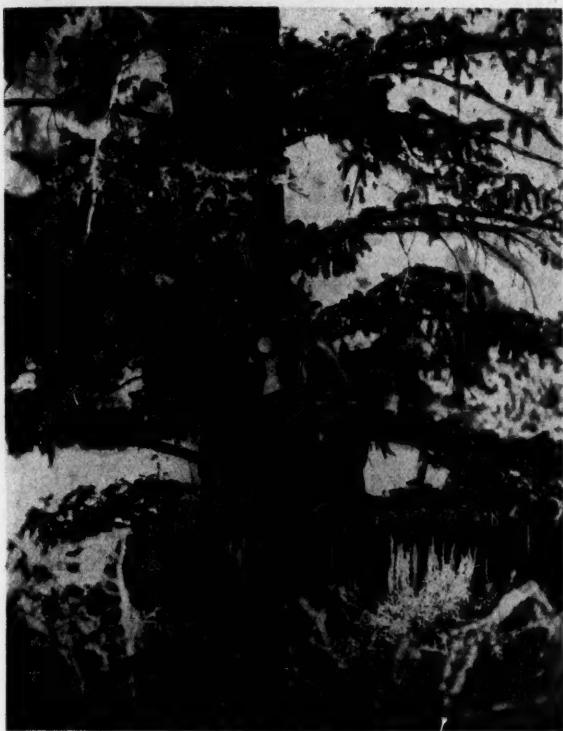
FIRE-FIGHTING BY TELEPHONE

THE UNITED STATES Forest Service spends a considerable part of its annual appropriation in building telephone lines, and plans are now being worked out by which each national forest will have its own network of wires. A telephone is essentially a time-saver, and when a fire is raging a minute may mean millions. Time-saving devices in connection with city fire-services are more or less familiar to all of us—horses that spring to their places at the sound of the gong, and are harnessed to the truck in the time it takes to press a button; men dropping to their places from the floor above. Compared with such a system, Forest Service methods are crude, of course, for one to two hundred thousand acres of timber land, worth from one-half to five million dollars, must be guarded by a single man, with ax and shovel. Says a writer in *American Forestry* (Washington):

"In the greater part of these forests, nature seems to have invited their destruction by strewing the ground with a carpet



THE FOREST RANGER.
Tracing lines in winter under difficulties.



TESTING A TELEPHONE LINE.



THE WAY THE LINE IS SOMETIMES CONSTRUCTED.

THE FOREST FIRE-ALARM.

of dry leaves and resinous needles, and covering the branches and trunks with moss, that, when dry, burns almost as quickly as gunpowder. For one man to attempt, single-handed, to check a conflagration under such circumstances seems worse than foolhardy; and yet, let it be told to the credit of the tribe who wear the Forest-Service badge, that, when necessity demands, they pit their strength and cunning against the flames, and sometimes, aided by night dews and bulldog endurance, win out. The Forest-Service records could reveal many such cases of which the public has never heard. It is only when the battle has been lost and the fire becomes a public menace that the matter gets into print. It is obvious that chances are all against conquering a fire of any magnitude under these conditions; consequently, every human endeavor is used to prevent the starting of such conflagrations. During the dry summer months, a ranger's waking hours are spent in patrolling the routes frequented by travelers, to extinguish neglected camp-fires, and in searching his district with a field-glass from some lookout point, to detect the first faint column of smoke that means the beginning of a forest fire.

"With so much territory to cover, it is a physical impossibility to have all parts of the district under his supervision at all hours of the day. There will come a time when several fires will start at once. The causes are various; sometimes they are set by lightning from the electrical storms that are common in mountainous country; more often they are due to carelessness of campers or tourists; occasionally they are started wantonly by some person who objects to the arm of the law, as represented by the Forest Ranger, reaching back into the wild places; again, it may be that an unextinguished match, or a spark from a pipe or cigaret is dropped in the dry humus, as the hunter or prospector wanders in places remote from the generally traveled trails. The spark ignites the slow-burning duff which smolders, perhaps, for days, unseen, the thin smoke being lost in the blue of the spruce tops above it; slowly it burns its way to the resinous roots or mossy trunk of some conifer, the mountain breeze fans it to a flame; it leaps up and seizes upon the dry twigs and the pitch-laden foliage; the tree bursts into a pillar of flame and the destruction of the growth of centuries begins. Any of these events may happen any day during the long drought of summer. When they do occur, the ranger needs help and needs it quickly, to save the heritage he has been set to guard.

"If he has a telephone, the call for help will be in at head-

quarters within an hour, and in another the ranger will be at the fire planning his battle and doing all he can to check the flames. At headquarters the organization that has been perfected for just such emergencies is set to work; by telephone the nearest rangers are sent to his aid; from the lists that have been prepared and kept on file of the available men and horses that can be hired at the nearest settlement, crews and supply trains are organized within a few hours and sent in, if additional help is needed.

"With no telephone in his district, the ranger must ride to the nearest settlement where he gathers such help and supplies as possible, with the least loss of time, and returns to the fire after sending a messenger on to headquarters with the news. But, in the mean time, hours have been lost that may mean thousands to the nation. I have seen seven million feet of timber burn in one afternoon, because a privately-owned telephone line on the national forest was out of repair. . . . The supervisor bought that telephone line before another season opened.

"While the principal reason for building these lines is for fire protection, they pay for themselves in other ways by facilitating the business and administration of the forest. Hardly a week passes but the ranger finds it necessary to communicate with his supervisor upon some matter of business. Mail routes are scarce in these remote districts. To get to headquarters he may have to ride one hundred miles, or even more. This means several days of labor lost, to say nothing of the risk of leaving the district without any patrol. With a telephone the matter can be settled in fifteen minutes and the ranger does not leave his work.

"During the summer months the forests are used to pasture thousands of head of sheep, cattle, and horses, that are trailed for scores of miles to these summer pastures. The telephone is a boon to the owner in enabling him to keep in touch with his foremen and outfit.

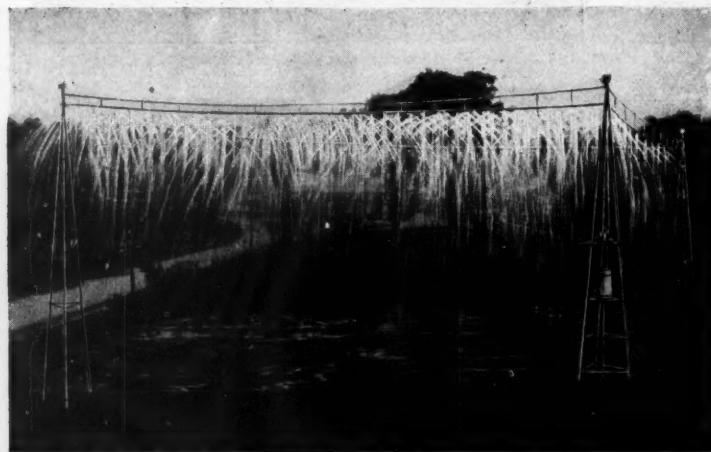
"This is why the Forest Service spends thousands of dollars of its appropriation each year in the construction of telephone lines. Besides those built and owned by the Service, they have the free use of many miles of telephone built by settlers in cooperation with the Service. Free right of way and poles are granted to any company, corporation, or private party to cross the forests with such lines; in exchange for these privileges the Forest Service asks the right to connect its lines, or to place an instrument where needed. Settlers and miners

are glad to have an instrument placed in their cabins free of charge, the only fee required being that they notify the rangers of any smoke seen in their vicinity. Oftentimes an abandoned telephone line that has been built into a once prosperous mining-camp, is purchased or leased at small expense. Temporary lines are often strung to some lookout point where the instrument is placed in a box and nailed to a tree; such lines are generally strung on trees or brush and taken down when the season is over.

"A comprehensive plan for a telephone system has been worked out for each forest; few of these have been completed to date, but something is being added to them each year as appropriations are available. With their completion, and an increased force for patrol during the dry season, a serious forest fire in the national forest will be a rare occurrence."

ARTIFICIAL RAIN

BY "ARTIFICIAL RAIN" some writers mean natural rain brought on by artificial means—by explosives or other methods employed actively by so-called "rain-makers" several years ago. These methods, never successful, have now apparently been abated by the increase of intelligence in certain parts of our land. The "artificial rain" devised by Emilio Olsson, an inventor of Buenos Ayres, is simply a device for watering gardens or fields on a large scale with electrified water. Mr. Olsson asserts that the chemical action of the electricity is not only beneficial to the plants, but also



Courtesy of "The Scientific American."

IRRIGATION BY ELECTRIFIED ARTIFICIAL RAIN.

In this new application of electricity, plant growth is stimulated by electrified water.

destructive to various harmful insects and other organisms. Says *The Scientific American* (New York):

"The system is very simple. The water is raised to a suitable height by a motor- or traction-engine. The supply may be drawn from a river, stream, artesian well, or any other suitable source. Two high towers may be installed, from which pipes are suspended by suitable supporting cables. The pipes supply circular spray-nozzles which revolve automatically, and five to ten acres of land can readily be thus supplied with an evenly distributed shower of water."

"When it is desired to use electrified water, a reservoir is used, into which the water is pumped, to be subsequently distributed in the manner indicated above. The reservoir consists of an iron tank placed on an insulated support and charged from a dynamo supplying 0.5 ampere at 110 volts. The iron wall of the tank serves as positive pole; the negative pole consists of a copper wire insulated all except the tip. It is claimed that certain chemical reactions take place in the water, with production of oxygen, ozone, and hydrogen peroxid at the anode, and that certain of the products formed are beneficial to the plants. Mr. Olsson further suggests that this electrification of the water would tend to purify it and render it better adapted for drinking-purposes."

"Mr. Olsson has installed his apparatus in a plantation near Buenos Ayres and states that by the use of six sprinkling-nozzles at a height of five meters above ground some six hundred acres of ground under cultivation were treated with very beneficial results. The apparatus has also been adopted by the municipality of Buenos Ayres and is giving satisfaction in the public parks and gardens in that city. Mr. Olsson also states that during the long drought from which the Republic suffered for over six months in 1910, he was able to produce a very fine crop of alfalfa and vegetables and to supply the owners of race-horses with fresh fodder. By installing a system of artificial irrigation over some part of their crop, farmers should be able to insure themselves against drought, falling back upon artificial sprinkling in case natural rain fails."

"Incidentally the interesting suggestion is made that the water line be used at the same time to carry the current for lighting and other purposes."

"Mr. Olsson's invention has been protected by a number of patents, and the inventor has shown much perseverance in working out the details of his method."

AMERICAN QUARANTINE VS. BRITISH SANITATION

OUR QUARANTINE system is probably the most thorough and extensive in the world. In a recent leading editorial on the cholera situation, *The Lancet* (London, August 12) acknowledges that such drastic measures as ours would be impossible at English ports, but excuses its national authorities on the ground that sanitation is so advanced in England that rigid quarantine is not necessary. We, in America, must have it, the writer says, because we are so far behind in "sanitary circumstances and administration." The necessity of enforcing extreme precautions is the penalty that we pay for our neglect of sanitary reform. This state of things, the writer asserts, Americans "very frankly admit," tho he does not give the names of our confessing countrymen or tell when or where their very frank admissions were uttered. After giving it as his opinion that the existence of cholera in Italy is now being concealed by the Italian authorities for business reasons and in direct defiance of the terms of the Paris Convention, the writer states that the disease has been carried from Italy to the United States by emigrants, and goes on to say:

"Some of the attacks occurred during the voyage across the Atlantic, others after arrival at the quarantine station when the passengers were undergoing five days' observation, while yet others

occurred after the termination of the detention period in quarantine and after the passengers had proceeded to their destinations. These occurrences have given serious cause for alarm to the American port sanitary officers, who say that while it is comparatively an easy task to prevent the entrance into the States of persons ill with cholera, it is far more difficult to deal with cholera-bacilli carriers who are themselves on arrival apparently in good health. On the advice of its medical experts the Government of the United States has issued a fresh order to the national, State, and local quarantine officers, collectors of customs, ship-owners, and agents, and to all others whom it may concern, that, with a view to diminish the danger from bacilli carriers, steerage passengers from ports or places infected by cholera shall be detained for ten days for observation, unless after five days (the previous period of detention), they are found not to be bacilli carriers. The importation of food by the arriving Italian emigrants was also forbidden.

"These new measures, however, in less than a fortnight, were supplemented by another order, dated July 19, providing that all steerage passengers, arriving at ports in the United States from infected places, shall be subjected to a bacteriological examination, and shall not be admitted to entry into the States until it has been determined by this examination that they are not carriers of the cholera bacillus. It is obvious that these

new regulations, necessitating, as they do, bacteriological examination of large numbers of persons, will entail a considerable amount of additional work upon the staff of the State and port authorities. In our opinion, it would be very difficult to carry out such systematic examination at English ports.

"It is not denied that much more care is necessary in America than with us in England to prevent danger arising from the introduction of cholera germs into a country where it is admitted frankly that sanitary circumstances and administration generally are not so satisfactory as with us, and where, in some places particularly, the public water supplies have not been sufficiently safeguarded or protected from excremental pollution. These extra precautions now enforced in America may be regarded as the penalty paid for postponing necessary sanitary reforms until danger has actually arisen."

After pointing out that cholera from Turkey has already reached Black-Sea ports, and has apparently been kept out of St. Petersburg only by the drastic methods taken recently to sterilize the entire city water supply, the writer reiterates the English position of placing reliance "mainly in the excellence of our sanitation and administration to protect us from the dangers which chance importation of cholera infection might bring to us." In other words, the American policy is to keep cholera out; the English is to deal with it after it gets in. The former policy may be a "penalty," but most of us would approve its continuance even after our progress in hygiene had reached the British standard, should such a thing be possible.

INTERIOR ILLUMINATION FOR MAN

THE MODERN physician is not obliged to guess at what is the matter with a man's stomach or his bronchial tubes; if the proper instruments are at his disposal, he can see for himself what the trouble is, quite as well as if it were on the outer surface of the body. If his patient has swallowed a button or a pin, the practitioner can see just where it is, with a simple instrument, and can have it under his eye while he is extracting it. Devices by which the interior cavities of the body could be seen were invented, if not actually used, over a century ago, but none could be really successful before the introduction of the electric light. The forerunner of the great recent improvements in this line was Désormeaux's "endoscope," brought out in 1855. The name is still used, and the employment of such instruments is known as "endoscopy." We translate below part of an article contributed to *La Nature* (Paris, August 5) by Dr. R. R. Burnier. Says this writer:

"The instrumentation has been modified and perfected with years, but it is always composed essentially of lighting apparatus, tubes of exploration, and instruments of extraction.

"The luminous sources are very powerful electric lamps, either fixed on the operator's forehead by means of a wide band, or contained in the instrument itself.

"The exploratory tubes are graduated tubes of nickled copper, whose caliber varies from one-third to one-half inch, according to the subject's age, and within which may be nested elongating tubes until the objectionable body is reached.

"The instruments of extraction consist of hooks, of pincers at various angles, and of electro-magnets for attracting foreign bodies of metal.

"We shall touch very briefly on the introduction of the exploratory tubes into the esophagus and trachea. Except with children, when general anesthesia is necessary, local anesthesia with cocaine is sufficient. The subject may be seated or prone. . . . The introduction of the tubes is effected in a few seconds when the operator is skilled and the subject accustomed to the operation.

"The consequences of broncho-esophagoscopy have been of great importance. Formerly the bronchi and the esophagus were, so to speak, a hidden territory to us. The diagnosis of affections of the trachea and the esophagus and the recognition of foreign bodies in these conduits were very deceptive and depended only on vague notions. Thus, for foreign bodies, the principal basis of the diagnosis was often the patient's own

story; and every physician knows that in many cases foreign bodies are unsuspected or even imaginary. Radiography is sometimes a great help, but often also it is powerless before a body of small density like a fruit stone.

"To-day endoscopy gives us an opportunity to see, not the shadow, but the thing itself; it enables us to ascertain the nature of this foreign body, whether it is free or encysted, whether the walls of the conduit are wounded; it also shows us pathological alterations of the esophagus, and of the trachea and its branches. We can see directly withdrawals and deviations of the trachea and the esophagus, as well as the location and nature of tumors or ulcerations of the walls of the conduits. Many intrathoracic tumors that have escaped notice, such as intrathoracic goiters and aneurysms of the aorta, have been diagnosed correctly by the endoscopic method."

Owing to this extension of sight into places formerly hidden from view, the treatment of foreign bodies in the digestive and respiratory passages has been greatly improved. A few years ago the physician was usually in doubt and often in despair. When certain means of doubtful value had been tried, such as emetics, holding the patient head downward, slapping his body, and administering thick pastes intended to carry the foreign body down into the stomach, the prudent physician ceased his efforts. Some more daring ones introduced at random instruments such as hooks or "umbrellas," and made vain and dangerous attempts that were more apt to be fatal to the patient than to bring up the foreign body. Moreover:

"Other surgeons, still more enterprising, proposed to reach the esophagus or bronchial tubes by cutting through the chest — an elegant operation doubtless, but not of encouraging results, the mortality being one hundred per cent.

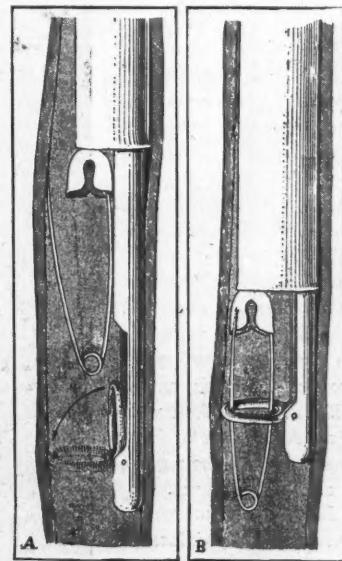
"At present, thanks to endoscopy in the hands of a skilful operator, we have a rational, sure, and safe method of treatment. When the endoscopic tube has been pushed in as far as the foreign body, it is easy to introduce an electro-magnet, a pincers, or some instrument specially designed to extract foreign bodies . . . and to withdraw the offending article under control of the sight, without injuring the walls of the conduit.

"The results obtained with esophagoscopy have now encouraged physicians to push their investigations further and to penetrate to the stomach or the large intestine. 'Gastroscopy' and 'sigmoidoscopy' have been created.

"The exploration of the stomach is made when the patient is fasting. The stomach having been washed and inflated . . . the clear red coloration and the folds of the mucous membrane of the normal stomach can be seen, as well as the opening and closing of the pyloric, the valve that controls the opening between the stomach and the duodenum. Finally, various pathologic lesions of the stomach, such as gastric ulcer or cancer, can be examined directly.

"The importance of the information that gastroscopy may furnish when diagnosis is delicate may be imagined; thus gastroscopic exploration is taking a definite place among current methods of examination.

"So the discovery of Désormeaux, modified and perfected, has enabled us to raise the veil that has hitherto hidden from us the internal cavities of our organs. Thanks to this new procedure, we can now correct or affirm an otherwise difficult diagnosis and institute a rational treatment."



METHOD OF EXTRACTING AN OPEN SAFETY-PIN FROM THE ESOPHAGUS.

A Ring sliding past the pin; B the pin closed by the ring and being withdrawn.

THE THEFT OF "MONNA LISA".

THE FLIGHT of Da Vinci's "La Joconde" from her post in the Louvre is not accepted by the Parisian public as other nine-day wonders are. Amazement, almost stupefaction, at the clever success of the thief has been succeeded by growing exasperation over the failure to find the perpetrator. Mr. Homolle, the learned archeologist and director of the museum, has lost his official head. Mr. Bertillon, the famous scientist, has secured finger-prints left on the frame of the missing picture, found on a stairway after the thief had departed with his booty. These will be compared with those of every attendant, photographer, and copyist enjoying special access to the gallery. The Paris detective bureau is the most famous in the world, and if it fails to trace the lost masterpiece, it fears a fatal loss of prestige. The next thief who tries to wrest a masterpiece from the French nation will have to reckon with six watch-dogs who have been added to the regular guard of the Louvre.

Meantime the public has been fully informed of the extreme ease with which thefts can be, and have been, made of art objects from this multifarious collection. In fact a French newspaper man is reported to have made a careful count and found that 323 canvases, are missing. We read of other thefts in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Sun*:

"The Paris *Journal*, which has offered a reward of \$10,000 for the restoration of the 'Monna Lisa,' received a letter on Monday saying that the writer had stolen a Phenician statuette from the Louvre on May 27 last, and was ready to give it back for a certain sum. The newspaper sent a reporter to meet the thief, who gave the following account of his operations at the Louvre:

"It was in March, 1907," he said, "that, being hard up, I sauntered into the Louvre to kill time. After traversing several rooms I suddenly realized the ease with which any one could extract any of the small statuettes. I was wearing a sack overcoat, and being thin I had no difficulty in secreting the statuette of a woman under my arm. After turning up my collar I sauntered out, asking my way of an immobile attendant.

"I sold my statuette for \$10 to a Parisian artist, but lost the

money the same evening in a billiard saloon. What does it matter, I thought to myself; I have the whole of Phenicia to draw upon. The next day I walked off with a man's head; three days after that a fragment with hieroglyphics. Then I left France.

"After a successful career in Mexico I resolved to return to France. On May 7 last I walked into my Phenician cabinet and observed with indignation that whereas there were about forty heads when I went away there now remained only about twenty to twenty-five. I took a woman's head, but it was rather large for me, and it took me nearly twenty minutes to get out of the Louvre."

The Louvre authorities, upon seeing the head returned by the thief, at once acknowledged its authenticity, and the curator of the Egyptian antiquities admitted the probable accuracy of the whole story. He remarked, as if it were quite natural, that many of the rooms contained thousands of such objects, and it was impossible to tell at a glance if they were all there."

The almost settled conviction is that the "Monna Lisa" is gone for good. The "hoax theory" has been given up, says the Manchester *Guardian*, "and with it the comfortable theory of a speedy recovery." The "maniac theory" is also scouted. Continuing:

"What France and Europe have to face is a deliberately and carefully planned theft, conducted with skill and dash by some one intimately acquainted with the intricacies of the building, and possibly, tho not, of course, certainly, connived at by some one on the gallery staff. Out of the maze of conflicting scraps of evidence as to time, a coherent account has now formed itself, bare of detail, but, so far as it goes, obviously correct. The theft took place

on Monday morning (not Tuesday, as at first stated) at eight o'clock; the picture, after being unhooked and passed over the rail which guards it, was taken out of its room, not by the front entrance, but by a back way into the long gallery, through a concealed door in the wall, down a private staircase where the thieves left the frame, and then down past a private entrance, where by the regulations there ought to be a caretaker, into the street by the riverside. After that it vanishes, and all the theories of its subsequent adventures, including the idiotic one that it was offered, in the course of the day, to a small dealer in curiosities, are moonshine. We know, in fact, exactly nothing about it, and it is hardly likely we shall ever know. It has joined the Wertheimer pictures in the uncharted limbo where lie stolen and unmarketable masterpieces. Probably the theft was committed to order, and there will be



THE "MONNA LISA"

"A whole literature has grown round the mysterious smile on her face."

no need to attempt the forlorn enterprise of finding a market. Meantime there is, of course, a mighty locking of doors on the stolen steed, and really it does seem as if the Louvre were shockingly managed."

This picture of Da Vinci's, says a writer in *The Morning Post* (London), "has served as a kind of intellectual symbol of the artistic links which bind Italy and France together, much as the marble Venus of Melos is regarded as a link between French and Greek art." Some historic facts are recalled:

"*La Gioconda*" was painted in Florence from *Monna Lisa Gherardini*, the third wife of Francesco del Giocondo, and was bought for 4,000 crowns by Francis I., who placed it at Fontainebleau. Louis XIV. removed it to Versailles, and at the Revolution it was carried to the Louvre at the suggestion of the painter David. There it has been ever since, removed only for occasional, and not very judicious, varnishing. Much of the original color has disappeared or is concealed by varnish which is cracked. The livid hues of the flesh and the tonality of the picture have suffered from artificial or natural causes. The greens must have changed considerably, and the lips, which were distinguished for the brilliancy of their red, are now wan and pallid. With all the accidents of time, however, "*La Gioconda*" is one of the most beautiful pictures of the world in the estimate of connoisseurs, and a whole literature has grown round the mysterious smile on her face. A well-known and much-quoted passage of prose by Walter Pater is devoted to the emotions and thoughts evoked by a contemplation of the painting. Modern criticism has looked askance at the English author's interpretation. Vasari's praise, however, is generally indorsed. "Let him who wants to know how far art can imitate Nature realize it by examining this head; the painting is a work that is divine rather than human; it is deemed a marvelous and living thing, just as much as Nature itself." The strange smile on the face was said to have been produced by Leonardo ordering flutes to be played to his sitter. But this is probably legendary, as the smile is characteristic of Leonardo and the Milanese School influenced by him."

not so much about the luxurious fitments of a theater, but seek sincerely the plays that the people want, and the proper people to play them." This writer assures Mr. Corbin that "both exist," and adds that "the higher drama never has thriven off what Mr. Corbin and Mr. Conried fancied is 'society.'" The present writer gives us this excellent account of the founding of the Abbey Theater and its history:

"The Abbey Theater was an evolution from a fixt idea. That idea was to find and give the people drama that wasn't commercial, i.e., the ordinary play of commerce was not to be the thing. George Moore, William Butler Yeats, Lady Gregory, Edward Martyn, and even George Bernard Shaw (whose wit



MR. HOMOLLE STARTLED BY AN ATTENDANT.

Mr. Director! Since they have offered the reward of a million francs and no questions asked for the return of "*La Gioconda*," "*The Raft of the Medusa*," "*The Marriage in Cana*," and "*The Assumption of the Virgin*" have disappeared, no one knows how!

—Guillaume in *Le Figaro*.

still remains un-Anglicized, thank Heaven!) were convinced some thirteen years ago that a Dublin theater would appeal to the people if it reflected in its plays the new life and the new literature of Ireland. There were signs then of a literary revival of Irish nationalism in the air. They were not born wholly of the attainment of better political conditions for the people. These persons, aided by the wealthy Miss Horniman, a patron of the drama in England and Ireland, were willing to begin in humble circumstances, and found the shabby little hall in Dublin you mention—"The Antient Concert Rooms." They were 'antient,' too.

"That hall was, as you say, the genesis of the present thriving Irish National Theater. The playwrights were easily found, and so were the players. It is to be said, however, that they

IRISH PLAYERS COMING

AHINT that may serve to ward off a second failure for the "New New Theater" comes from an Irish source. The work of the Abbey Theater Company in Dublin seems to be acknowledged as the most vital and significant that any English-speaking theater of to-day can show. London itself generously admits this, and America is soon to be given a chance to confirm the verdict, for we read that the company from the Abbey Theater will open an American tour in Boston some time late in September. With them the play has always been the thing—together with the players thereof. This is pointed out by a correspondent of *The Evening Sun* (New York) signing himself "Plymouth," who suggests to Mr. John Corbin, the recent spokesman of the Newer Theater plans (see THE LITERARY DIGEST, September 9), that "he would better worry,



LAST YEAR PICTURES IN THE LOUVRE WERE SCRATCHED, SO THEY PUT THE CANVASES UNDER GLASS.



NOW THEY SHOULD PUT EACH ONE IN A STRONG-BOX.

HOW THE FRENCH CARTOONIST, G. PAVIS, OF LE RIRE, REGARDS THE NATION'S MISFORTUNE.

who sought knew what they wanted, and were satisfied with naught that was mediocre. We now know what beautiful plays first saw the light of production in this shabby 'Antient Concert Rooms' and afterward in the small but adequately modern Abbey Theater. There were first William Butler Yeats's 'The Countess Cathleen,' George Moore's 'The Bending of the Bough,' Douglas Hyde's 'The Twisting of the Rope,' that wonderful piece of J. M. Synge's, 'The Well of the Saints,' Lady Gregory's bubbling little comedies with the touch of Molière in them, and other plays by that gallant band of Irish



PARIS VENDERS OF THE LOST PICTURE.

People console themselves with reproductions since the conviction grows that the world's masterpiece will never be recovered.

playwrights that this little Dublin theater gave their opportunity. The name of no millionaire decked the list of the theater's patrons, and I suspect it was a long while before the 'society' and the 'aristocracy' that centers about Dublin Castle learned what dramatic delights were to be had 'down town.'

Dublin found a way of making a theater successful without seeking, first, the commercial way. In this instance art compelled commercial success. Too bad art has not yet found the way of that compulsion in America. Such acting, individually and in ensemble, as this little Dublin theater gave the people had never been seen outside of the Comédie Française and M. Antoine's Théâtre Libre in Paris.

"When the Irish players went to London they fairly carried the critics by storm. Oddly enough it was the voices and intonation of the Irish players that pleasantly astonished the English. That dour critic, A. B. Walkley of the London *Times*, said of their voices: 'We had never realized the musical possibilities of our language until we heard these Irish people speak it. We are listening to English spoken with watchful care and slightly timorous hesitation, as if it were a learned language. That at once ennobles our mother tongue, brings it into relief.'"

The plays which the Abbey Company will produce are arranged in "programs." Thus:

"The first will consist of 'A Few Words by Mr. Yeats,' the 'Shadow of the Glen,' by J. M. Synge, followed by 'Birthright,' by T. C. Murray, and concluding with 'Hyacinth Halvey,' by Lady Gregory. The second program will have 'The Well of the Saints,' by J. M. Synge, and 'Spreading the News,' by Lady Gregory. The third will offer 'Kathleen ni Houlihan,' by W. B. Yeats, and 'The Playboy of the Western World,' by J. M. Synge. The fourth program will produce 'The Eloquent Dempsey,' by William Boyle, and 'Riders to the Sea,' by J. M. Synge."

HOPES AND FEARS FOR ESPERANTO

ESPERANTO has found a candid if even a trifle unwilling friend in the *London Times*. This journal, whose conservatism would make it chary of indorsing new efforts of this sort, admits that the Esperanto Congress just held in Antwerp gave such proofs of the "spread of the ingeniously-made language that even those who are most prejudiced against the idea of it must doubt whether the hopes of its promoters are altogether absurd." Critics of Esperanto call it a "dead" language, "on the grounds that every artificially-made language must be dead, without the historic or literary interest of other dead languages." But *The Times* replies that "if Esperanto ever came into general use, it would begin to live and grow like all languages that are in general use." Furthermore:

"At present its rules are made by legislation, so to speak; but in that case they would be tested by the struggle for life; and, even if the language were used only for commercial purposes, it would still acquire some liveliness, if not any subtlety or grandeur. Hellenistic Greek was a mere dialect, and probably despised by all persons of culture; yet, because it was a living language and capable of expressing the living thoughts of men, the Gospels were able to be written in it, and no one would refuse to call them literature. We may be sure, too, that if Esperanto were generally used in commerce, it would soon be used for other purposes. Men who can talk to each other about business will talk also about other things. Varied uses would probably enlarge its vocabulary and increase its power of expression, so that in a few decades it might be entirely changed.

"But this likelihood of change would be one of the chief obstacles to its final success. We have to remember that languages can be controlled only so long as they are dead; when once they begin to live, they grow and pass beyond the control of any organization. We must also bear in mind the fate of universal languages that have existed. Latin became a universal language for the western half of the Roman Empire, and Greek for the eastern half. These languages were made universal by circumstances, and ceased to be universal when circumstances changed. It was the Roman dominion that spread them, and when that dominion ceased, altho they were most firmly established, they gradually changed into barbarous dialects, and afterward into modern tongues. The Church and the community of learned men kept Latin alive as a learned tongue for many centuries; but it died, even as a learned tongue, when the modern languages became capable of expressing the ideas which it had preserved in the minds of men. It had an enormous advantage to start with; but even that could not uphold it against the competition of the vernaculars, which became distinct just because they were vernaculars and subject to all the changes that are inevitable in a living speech. Now the aim of Esperanto is to become, not a learned language like medieval Latin, but a living speech like all these vernaculars; and it is difficult to see how, if it should succeed in that aim, it could avoid the changes to which living speech, and particularly speech which has but little literature, is always subject."

It is true, of course, *The Times* deliciously admits, "that the English as spoken by Americans is quite intelligible to us"; but the explanation of that is the great literature we hold in common and our habit of reading each other's books. *The Times* will not allow to Esperantists this flattering unction, however. The editorial proceeds:

"An effort is being made to produce an Esperanto literature, but its main purpose is to teach people the language. It can not become alive unless the language itself becomes alive; and even then it would probably be vastly inferior for all the higher purposes of literature to all natural languages. Therefore it is improbable that many will either write or read it in preference to their native tongues. The best hope for it is that it will be used largely in translation; but, even so, it will have to compete with translations made in other languages; and in that competition it will be subject to all its natural disadvantages, with only this advantage, that one translation made in Esperanto will serve for all those readers of different countries who speak the language. But this advantage is not so great as it might seem; for translations nowadays can be very cheaply made in any civilized tongue, and the supply of them usually

exceeds the demand. It is true, of course, that dialects, such as Lingua Franca and Pidgin English, have come into being for commercial purposes, but their use is very restricted, and they have not succeeded in expressing more than the simplest commercial needs. All the more reason, it may be said, why Esperanto should prevail. We do not deny that there is an opportunity for it. The only question is whether the natural causes that have made natural languages will not prevent it from ever prevailing, or will not disintegrate and corrupt it, if it ever does prevail for a time."

OUR PIONEER SCHOLAR IN ENGLISH

ASCHOLAR who "brought distinction to the United States at a time when this country's output of scholarship was painfully meager," died at his home in Easton, Pa., on September 9. The New York Tribune, in speaking thus of Prof. Francis A. March, dwells upon the meager appreciation that was given this scholar whose life was devoted to "spreading among the users of the English language a knowledge of its origin and development—a knowledge even now sadly lacking among those who speak the world's leading tongue." He represented the type of teacher that must disappear with the growth of large colleges. His career, says the Philadelphia Press,

"is a fruitful and felicitous example of the work a scholar of the very first powers and attainments can do, if his whole life is given to inspiring and educating men in a classroom not too thronged for personal influence, and an institution not too large for personal contact. With Professor March this influence and teaching were supplemented, sharpened, and crowned by a scholarship which commands the attention and the assent of the world of learning. An eminent scholar at the desk and a class not too numerous, furnish the perfect environment in which Professor March for half a century did his monumental work on men and in books."

He was the first to break into the untouched and unsounded sea of the textual study of the masterpieces of English literature in the classroom. No man, says *The Press*, had set out "to teach English like Latin or Greek." Continuing its appreciation, this journal adds:

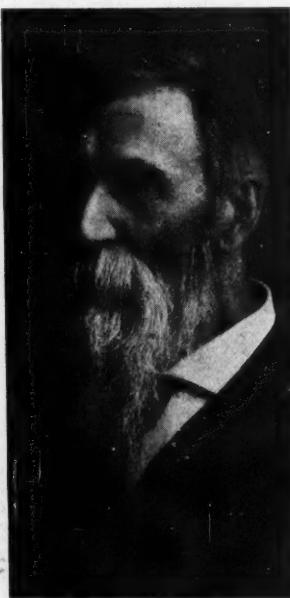
"In his 'Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language,' issued in 1870, he was the earliest, incredible as it may seem forty-one years later, to tread all the weary way from Hicks's 'Institutions' to the scholars of his own day, and establish the position of the tongue as a language and not a dialect in a volume of which Max Müller said 'everybody praises it.'

"From its publication he stood file-leader in the great task of research which has laid the foundations of the English tongue and its literature. To exhaustive scholarship and wide learning, he added the delicate ear of the poet for the intricacies of meter, the sensitive judgment of the well-bred man of letters on standards of pronunciation, and the broad knowledge of the skilled use of words in their subtle shades of meaning.

"This is an amazing and most unusual combination of powers. Grammarian, lexicographer, philologist, commentator, author, and teacher, he left his handiwork over the whole broad field he covered. He made 'Beowulf' his own, that a French scholar dedicated to the scholar of Lafayette the first French edition of the earliest of Anglo-Saxon verse. He left the criticism of the language of Shakespeare on a new basis, and let in new light on the English hexameter. He began 'English,' that many branching tree of clustering studies in our college training, full of fruit in the hands of a scholar like him, so barren in less gifted hands. He gave English spelling a new form and did more to change it than any one man since Noah Webster and

the earlier English printer who established the received usage, altered at so many points by the 'Spelling Reform' proposed in 1880 by the scholar just gone. He revised definition in one great dictionary so as to set a new standard of suggestive and comparative accuracy. In his grammar, in editing texts, in his manifold reviews, in his criticism, and in his innumerable papers, he used a pellucid, elevated style which bespoke the man not merely of letters and learning, but of dignity, elevation, and unerring taste."

His services to the Standard Dictionary as consulting editor in the field of spelling and pronunciation were among the most valuable contributions to that work.



FRANCIS A. MARCH.

Who "stood file-leader in the great task of research which has laid the foundations of the English tongue and its literature."

our suspicion, our distrust. Churches are not of stone. A church is composed of two or more people gathered together with one accord. The great ideal of a nation has been to be one Church, but books have been the disintegration and ruin of that Church."

The contention of this writer is supported by the case of the Russian peasant. In Russia there are no books, he declares, and the fact is not to be lamented. For:

"The church supplies the place of all books—I am, of course, speaking of the peasantry. Instead of every book being a church, the church is the book. Hence the delight in every tiniest portion of church ritual; hence the full attendance at the churches; hence the delight in the service and in the music. Hence the wonderful singing, that is accomplished without organ and without books of the score. If Russian choirs astonish Western Europe, it is because Russians have loved to come out and sit together on logs in the village street, and sing for hours.

"Because the peasants have no books to read, they are all forced to read the book of Nature. They do not hear the imitation of the nightingale, therefore they listen to the nightingale itself. They do not look at 'real life,' as depicted in novels, therefore they look at real life without the novels. If the moujik had books, he would build higher, larger houses, so that he might have a room into which to retire and read and have silence. But as it is, he lives in one room, and likes to see all his family about him, and as many of his relatives and friends as possible. He rejoices to give hospitality to pilgrims and tramps bringing stories of other lands and other provinces. He rejoices in keeping open house and in visiting. To such an extent has hospitality gone that not only is open house kept, but open village. There is a whole system of festivals throughout the North, and the villages take it in turn to keep open house for the inhabitants of all the villages round. All this is due to the fact that the peasants have what we should call spare time. Because they do not read, they have time to enter into many more relations with their fellow beings—for spare time, after all, means spare life."

THE SUNDERING BOOK

CARLYLE once observed that the book had become the church. Men entered into books as formerly they entered into churches. We are not yet half a century away from Carlyle and now country life, with automobiles, golf, and other outdoor diversions are blamed for taking men's noses out of books again. The presses have not slackened their pace perceptibly, however, and a writer in the London *Outlook* thinks that Carlyle's observation is still profoundly true and "the book has been a great separating influence." It separates in many ways:

"It has taken us away alone. It has refused to be shared with others. It has taken us from our parents, our wives, our husbands, our friends. It has given us riches, and not necessarily given the same riches to others. It has distinguished us; it has individualized us. It has created differences between ourselves and our fellow men. Hence our pride, our distrust. Churches are not of stone. A church is composed of two or more people gathered together with one accord. The great ideal of a nation has been to be one Church, but books have been the disintegration and ruin of that Church."

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TO SAVE BOYS FROM THE GANGS

HOOLIGANISM must be repress by police hooliganism unless you provide some rational way for boys to let off steam. This is the belief of Jacob A. Riis as he surveys the present outbreak of ruffianism among the boys of the cities. Police clubs and broken heads put it down, but do not correct the evil. The preventive of gang-rule might have been found in the schools, he thinks, if in our systems of training we had not so long clung to the notion that "books alone were educa-

as being of the hands. We err; it is in the brain which guides the hand that the skill resides. Manual training is, in fact, mental training. The boy finds himself, and knows what he wants to do."

Mr. Riis draws an illustration from Worcester, Mass., where they made a "dead-eat dump" into a garden, with the children as gardeners. He says:

"They did thirty per cent. better work at their books for it," was their experience. The gang had owned the neighborhood before. "Thou shalt not steal" had been a good joke there; to the police it was a running fight. Eight hundred youngsters cultivated six hundred gardens the second year, and raised twelve hundred dollars' worth of truck. Mischief and stealing ceased altogether. The police took a long breath and owned that respect for law and property had succeeded the old order of things. "The business instinct received a new impetus in doing something."

"That was manual training out of school. New York has the same story to tell in the region just north of Hell's Kitchen, where Mrs. Parsons has been at work this half-score years. The boys there 'stole all they could lay their hands on,' and went gaily to jail as on an excursion to 'Larry Murphy's Farm.' They called themselves the Sons of Rest. The police buckled their belts a little tighter when they heard there was going to be a garden in Hell's Kitchen. To them it meant some new kind of trouble. And there could not have been a worse beginning. They had only clam-shells for tools the first year, and the city owned no plow strong enough to break that soil in which generations had deposited their refuse. That was then; last year eleven hundred young gardeners, one hundred and fifty of them cripples. Not a tool was stolen. No marauder invaded the garden, not even to dig worms when a school of sunfish came down the river and bait was as scarce as hen's teeth. The destructive forces of the neighborhood had been harnessed by so simple a thing as a garden-patch, and made constructive. And 'a sense of the dignity of labor' had grown up in that of all most unlikely spots, that made the young gardeners willing and anxious to work for the general good as well as for themselves. Their little 'common' was their chief delight. The Sons of Rest disbanded."

In the past the street has set a trap for the boy. Mr. Riis now proposes that "we enlist it for good, and take the experience of Worcester and Hell's Kitchen for our guide." Going on:

"Why not use the countless vacant lots in our cities that are not needed as playgrounds for profitable gardening, instead of handing them over to waste and ugliness and deviltry? Pingree did it in Detroit to the great good of his city, tho they laughed at him, and dubbed him 'Potato Pingree.' Out in the boroughs our national wastefulness fairly stares at one. From where I sit writing this, I can see an acre lot that, with its rank weeds, is the one hideous blot on a landscape of pretty homes. It has been so all the years I remember. Right behind it is a church, the Sunday-school of which might raise potatoes in it to pay for its summer outing, or else to give to the poor instead of depleting mama's larder on Thanksgiving day with a rank pretense of being charitable. It would do the school good in a dozen ways, and the town, too, for it would be doing something real instead of pretending. Besides, it would be no end of fun, and when you provide fun for the boy, you give him the chance of being good that prevents his being bad. Perhaps they thought of that in France when they made it law that every country school shall have a garden. The children work in



THE REDEEMED CHILDREN OF "HELL'S KITCHEN."

The destructive forces of one of New York's worst neighborhoods were harnessed by so simple a thing as a garden-patch. Each child's claim is here staked out.

tional." Our young gangsters have been taught books, but not the use of their hands. "Predestined to be wage-earners, every one of them, their plastic years have been spent at school tasks that gave them no hint for their real life, gave them no initiative with which to confront the world that awaited their coming to take up its work." If a false emphasis were not laid upon head-work in our schools, declares Mr. Riis, in the October *Craftsman*, "if real training of hand and eye went with book-learning as an equal partner, the result would be a wide-awake and competent lad, instead of the chap who can only fetch and carry, and does not think for himself." We read further:

"Every schoolhouse in our cities should have its workshop that should share the boy with the classroom, and the girl, too. All children should be taught how to use tools, not to make mechanics of them, but men. They all want to learn. Why is *Robinson Crusoe* every normal boy's hero? Why are the Scouts so popular? Because to them they both mean doing things. Making mud pies is good for children because it is a first lesson in manual training. We do not expect them to become bakers, but as they pound their little piles of sand we see initiative growing in them, individuality, the very thing our age of machinery is doing its best to kill. Take his scout's trappings from him, try to choke off the budding interest in life, and see how quickly the lad escapes to the street, if he can, and joins the gang. There, at least, he can be himself; he can choose his own leaders; he can do something, and if he does the wrong thing, who is to blame? That is one reason why his play is so important: it gives him a chance to express himself. So do the tools he works with. The world comes to mean something to him. The very things his books tell him of become real. Thoughts are translated into action, and with experience comes self-reliance. We think of the skill of the mechanic

it, have a good time together, and help support the teacher by their work, the while they learn the thrift that has made the French peasant prosperous and contented.

"Philadelphia has for fourteen years carried on the cultivation of vacant-lot gardens, wherever land can be borrowed of the owner. Last year more than a thousand men and women out of work earned there sixty thousand dollars at an outlay for plowing and planting of about six thousand dollars, that is, they took ten dollars out of the soil for every dollar they put into it. That was truly bringing the land and the man together."

THE CHURCH'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR LYNCHING

THE CRIME of Coatesville has been laid to the laxity of the churches in that impulsive and passionate town. But some religious journals have repudiated the blame. "If the churches of Coatesville and their leading men members are to be held responsible for this atrocity," says *The Presbyterian* (Philadelphia), "then the churches and leading Christian men are to be held responsible for the fearful crimes which are committed constantly in our large cities." It is practically upon this very line of argument that *The Continent* (Chicago) bases its claim that the churches and churchmen are responsible. "Probably few men who profess to be religious have ever been lynchers or even mob-members," it observes. "But that does not signify that the churches are isolated from the problem." Furthermore:

"It does not even mean that the ministers must go out into the highways and hedges to get in arm's length of it. They can come to close quarters with it right in their own church pews.

"The men actually responsible for the present peril that mob violence is to become a fixt American custom are not the men who take part in mobs. Those hoodlums are to blame merely for the separate instances of riot; not for the growing national habit.

"For the habit, the responsibility rests with those, not only in the places affected, but all the nation over, who hear about or read about these awful deeds, and then think to themselves, and probably say to their neighbors, that considering the provocation, it was nothing more than right to give the wretches such a punishment.

"It is quiet opinion of this sort which in the sum of it makes public sentiment, and public sentiment makes popular conduct. As long as sober, average citizens in cold blood, even the secretly, justify lynching in any circumstance, lynching will continue. But once the average respectable man abominates it, it will stop.

"Not all those average respectable men are in the Church, of course, but enough of them come to church to alter the tilt of American thinking in a matter of this sort. The problem works out as plainly as daylight:

"*The Church must teach its men to execrate lynching—not simply to join in a chorus of condemnatory platitudes about it, but with all their strength to scorn and hate it. Then they and their friends being manly men who know how to get what they want and get rid of what they don't want, will stop it.*"

Something of what the Church shall say to cultivate in its own men this "militant abhorrence" is thus indicated:

"Mob-murders will not be ended by platitudes; they will not be thwarted by appealing to a community not to disgrace itself, nor by declaiming on the lapse from civilization which they signify.

"*The only efficient 'riot act' which can be read to the lynching spirit, either in the hearts of the men who join the mob or of the men who sit at home and approve the deed, is the grim, prophetic proclamation that it outrages God—the same ancient denunciation of sin to whose resounding tones of judgment the conscience in every man is inevitably attuned to tremble.*

"This is what Americans must come to before the atrocities of lynching law are stamped out from American communities—the conviction not merely that it is a 'blot on civilization,' but that, infinitely more momentous, it is a sin against God.

"That realized, 'extenuating circumstances' disappear. The brutality of the criminal, the devilishness of his offense, the helplessness of his victim, averting peril of future crime—none of these then are excuses. The lynching act is a sin; nothing can make it right.

"On the very surface of the universally recognized teaching of Jesus Christ—the brotherhood of man—lies an unmistakable demonstration of the utter wickedness of every violent act done in hatred toward any human being whomsoever, even tho the basest.

"Not only is the violence wicked, but the hate itself is a sin. No other teaching of the Master is plainer than that. No other utterance in his name should be more clarion-clear than that.

"A man's a man for a' that"—for all of his poverty and obscurity, the poet meant. But there is more than this; a man is also a man for all of his sin and his shame, his degradation and



THE WATER-CAN BRIGADE DRAWN UP FOR ACTION.

Eleven hundred young gardeners, one hundred and fifty of them cripples, worked on this plot last year.

his ill deserving—that is the gospel. And surely color of skin can never destroy the man-brother in him.

"Kill him like a mad dog!" shouts the mob. But the difference is that he is not a dog. God made him a man; none can unmake him. Even the sin in him is a brother thing to ourselves.

"Jesus saw thousands of men reeking with sin. He reproved them, he upbraided them, he even denounced them; but the universe witnesses that he never hated them. Imagine the foulest criminal that ever walked the earth; can you imagine Jesus leading a mob to kill him? But you can imagine the criminal running to refuge in the Christ's embrace.

"If a man has so abused his right and privilege as a man that he can no longer safely inhabit human society, then doubtless the authority of society may justly decree his life to be forfeited. But not in rage and hatred; never! Only in awed sorrow purged of all revenge and as solemnly pitiful as God."

Such reflections as these are dedicated to the "plenty of people—many more than plenty," *The Continent* declares, who "are ready to answer that religion has nothing to do with it; that lynching affairs flame up out of an instinctive human abomination for certain bestial crimes, and, as long as the crimes continue, the terrific natural reaction will continue also."

PAGANISM OF MODERN FICTION

PAGANISM, "forever trying to force back Christianity and claim the world," has practically seized upon the modern novel and forced it into alliance with its purposes. Such is the indictment of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York), which discerns a tendency in modern fiction "to ignore all the old landmarks of morality, to brush the accepted ethics of two thousand years' evolution aside with a sneer, and to set up an unabashed individualism in place of the welfare of society." "One would not know that there was such a thing as Christianity in existence from reading these novels," observes this paper, going on to give an analysis of what, from this standpoint, is regarded as the chief offense of the modern novel. Thus:

"We are being flooded with a lot of fiction that attacks everything the world has called morality, and holds up a frantic individualism as the only dominant life-principle worth considering. Marriage is a conventionality of old-fashioned people, and must not stand in the way of 'love.' If a man suddenly conceives a terrific passion for a woman, neither marriage, nor the welfare of the community, nor the great foundation of moral law which keeps society from becoming a chaos, should stand in the way of this great love. It is a law unto itself. The individual must live his life, follow his nature, break down everything that stands between himself and his one seeming high happiness. The favorite gospel of these novelists is 'the rights of the soul.' Under this gospel divorce, adultery, any crimes against the social order are all glossed over, and even held up as the true way of life. And men and women who are guilty of the most heinous crimes are excused on the basis of fate and destiny or entanglements which they are powerless to break. Or the man and woman who violate their vows are so glossed over with other fair qualities or so surrounded with a sentimental halo of martyrdom that the reader's sympathies are won for the sinners.

"In three modern novels out of five of those one buys at the news-stands or on the train the reader wonders (or would if the average reader of these books had any moral perception) if the writers of these books have any sense of right or wrong left. Or do many of them go just as far as they dare in ignoring all moral restraints simply to write a shocking book that may sell to the great host of the morally perverted? But several of the writers who have literary standing are as culpable in these regards as those who write the rubbish to be hawked in trains. They do not take one into sewers nor are their pages quite as odorous as is garbage, but in their perfumed pages the same danger lurks. All moral vigor is absent. There is nothing but sensuousness as atmosphere, and there is absolute relaxation of will to passion, and law is unknown, and the rights of others unheeded—ignored."

Apart from the frank paganism of our modern novelists is "their entire ignoring or ignorance (we know not which) of Christianity as a redemptive power":

"Men come under all sorts of afflictions, bear all manner of burdens, languish under terrible loneliness, pass through great afflictions, sorrow very deeply for lost loves, meet with failure and disappointment—and nowhere is there any hope. Through the ages Christianity has been the solace, the transfiguring power, the very resurrection power of millions of such souls. If anything is proved by experience it is the capacity of the Christian religion to save souls out of their distresses. But to two out of three of our well-known novelists seemingly this is all either spurned or unknown, and the characters are submerged by fate, circumstance. One would not know there was such a thing as Christianity in existence from reading these novels. (The editor of *The British Weekly* made this statement four years ago of several of the most widely read novels of the season.) This again is paganism. Fatalism is only another doctrine of paganism. In paganism man is powerless before the forces that play through the physical or human world. They may bring him joy or sorrow. He may accept them resignedly, if he will, and thus rise to be a stoic. But accept them he must, whatever his attitude.

"This is the paganism of Mr. Hardy's later novels. *Jude* in 'Jude the Obscure,' is merely a poor puppet of nature and society, with no power to rise above either. The only power

that can unfailingly and in any degree lift men out of nature, out of the sloughs of despond, out of entangling circumstance, and turn their despairs into hope, make those who go forth with weeping come again with laughing, bringing their reward, endue the weak of the earth with a heavenly power, so they shall mount up and run without fainting, and make adverse circumstances become ministering angels, chariots in which to ride to victory, is Christianity. And yet after two thousand years of universal testimony eight-tenths of our novelists forget this. It is one of their limitations. The great novelists, Goethe, Balzac, Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, Hawthorne, recognized it. They also recognized that society stood firm on the truth of its solidarity, and that it would speedily crumble under the pagan doctrine of 'personal liberty' or 'the rights of the soul.'"

ZIONISM BACK TO ZION

AFTER WAVERING for some time in other directions, the Zionist movement, like a disturbed magnetic needle, at length points definitely again to Palestine. It was Theodor Hertzl who first gave it that aim, and it was Israel Zangwill who tried to turn it to other lands, but the Zionist Congress just held in Basel has once more directed it toward the ancient home of Israel. The ideal of a Jewish state in Palestine may be relegated to the distant future for its fulfilment, comments the New York *Evening Post*, but "the movement has gained greatly by finally determining upon the Holy Land as the scene of its operations." This paper points out that:

"It has been one of the anomalies of an agitation which had for its object the restoration of the Jewish people to the land of their forefathers, that for many years Palestine itself should have fallen into the background. A faction led by Mr. I. Zangwill abandoned the original idea of Theodor Hertzl, and spent many busy years in seeking a site for a Jewish territory elsewhere than in the Holy Land. There are few unoccupied areas of the world that were not at one time or another brought forward as an appropriate location for the New Judea. Uganda, South Africa, Morocco, Argentina, Cyrenaica, were discuss and abandoned. The formal reason was that the proposed site was unsuitable on one ground or another. The true reason was that Zionism without Zion—that is, Palestine—held absolutely no attractions to the Jewish masses. The movement headed by Mr. Zangwill has virtually ceased to be a factor in Zionism. It was unrepresented at the last Congress. After years of hesitation and a great deal of stumbling in the dark, the original idea of a Jewish home in the Holy Land has reasserted itself, on a more modest scale than when it first presented itself, but for that very reason more promising of results."

The insurgent movement of the Young Turks and the changed political complexion of the Ottoman Empire have made necessary this modification of the plans of the Zionists:

"Dr. Hertzl's conception was of an autonomous Jewish state in Palestine, established under the guaranty of the Powers. The methods to be employed were those of diplomacy. Dr. Hertzl entered into negotiations with Sultan Abdul Hamid without any outward signs of success. The overthrow of Abdul Hamid was a serious check to Zionist aspirations. The Young Turks were Ottoman patriots. Their policy of centralization was utterly opposed to the idea of a self-governing Jewish state within the Empire. The latest Zionist congress has recognized the turn of events by abandoning the idea of a Jewish state and the methods of diplomacy, and declaring instead for a policy of gradual colonization. The two factions have been present in the Zionist movement since the beginning, but the death of the founder of the movement and the increasing pressure of the situation in Russia made the position of the 'politicals' untenable. The Congress was forced to recognize the fact that while the theories of Zionism were being discuss, emigration was solving the problem of the Jews in Russia in a way unacceptable to the advocates of Palestine as the destined refuge for oppressed Judaism. Such are the considerations that have led Zionists to abandon the greater but distant hope for the immediate, practical benefits of an active policy of colonization in the Holy Land."

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

FOURNIER'S "NAPOLEON" REVISED AND EXTENDED

Fournier. August. Napoleon I., a Biography. Translated by Annie Elizabeth Adams. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 564, 565. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$8.

The time has certainly come when we might expect a final estimate and account of Napoleon's career. He was the greatest and most conspicuous figure in all European history of his century. He himself express in 1816 his idea of his own work. In France he "closed the crater of anarchy"; "purified the Revolution"; throughout Europe he "ennobled peoples and strengthened Kings." He was a despot, but "a dictatorship was necessary." If he was "too fond of war" he protests he "was always the party attacked." If he "desired the supremacy of the world," it is his "enemies who forced him to it."

Professor Fournier declares that this program for historians "was obeyed for a long time after his decease." But "at last history came into its rights." The blots stood revealed, ineffaceable. None the less the image was that of "one of the greatest of the sons of man." The origin, elaboration, and character of the present work is a good illustration of the change in Napoleonic biographical literature. It was first published in 1885, up to which time either Chauvinism or detraction had perverted the current version of the First Consul's career. Professor Fournier's Napoleon I. was immediately accepted as the standard work on the subject, and translated into several foreign languages.

In the mean time, during the closing years of the nineteenth century and the opening years of the present one, thousands of hitherto unknown letters of Napoleon came to light, revealing his character, his plans, and his passions as nothing else could. The Paris archives were ransacked and gave up to the student unexpected treasures of information. Even military historians have since then been obliged to regard the life of the great captain with dispassionate criticism. All the historical scholars of England, Italy, Russia, and America have taken advantage of these data. It is thus that Professor Fournier has found it necessary to bring his book up to date. Altho when he began his original edition the materials consisted of a chaos of extravagant panegyric and annihilating criticism, he formed an estimate of the Napoleonic work and character which remained as firmly established when he wrote his second edition as when he first undertook the task.

As we have said, this book must be taken as the final result of research and scholarship in relation to the works and plans of the great Corsican. It is bright

and readable, and the translation is everything that could be desired. The author's other writings show that he has made a specialty of the Napoleonic era and handles his material with the certainty and confidence of a master. There are no Horace Vernet word-pictures and no extravagant bursts of invective. In this calm and well-ordered procession of richly detailed facts we feel ourselves in the world of calm reality as we pass from page to page.

Professor Fournier has done a good deal to lay bare the ungenerous foibles of Napoleon, who, in the memoirs he wrote at St. Helena, laid the blame of his defeat at Waterloo on Grouchy and Ney—Grouchy who was at that time intriguing in the United States for his master's release, and Ney who sacrificed his life for that master. This writer points out in a lucid way the mistakes Napoleon made in his Russian invasion. For his military genius grew dim as palpably as the moral character of "this greatest of parvenus" deteriorated with success, until we come to his unmanly complaints of hard treatment at Longwood, while he would say to his intimates: "We are quite well off here, we keep a good table, and if we do complain it is only because people must have something to grumble about." "But of this," says Professor Fournier, "not a hint was to reach the outer world." To the general reader, and especially to those who have not read and pondered Madam Rémusat's "Memoirs," Professor Fournier's severe but impartial biography will reveal a new Napoleon, the slave of ambition and personal vanity, dreaming of new conquests to the last, and hoping for a return to Europe up to the moment he closed his eyes in death.

The work contains two portraits of Napoleon which are certainly so different from the conventional and ideal pictures found that they are almost irreconizable, and suggest the contrast between the First Consul of legend and the mighty conqueror in his habit as he lived and is described by Professor Fournier. Serious students of the First Empire and its antecedents will hail with joy the rich apparatus furnished by this author. There are ap-

pended to the two volumes 151 pages of bibliography, while an estimable treasure will be recognized by the Napoleon enthusiast in the many letters printed and published, in the original language for the first time, which close the work. Seven excellent maps illustrate the principal campaigns of the great soldier, and the work is furnished with a good index.

A LEARNED TRAVELER IN SOUTH AMERICA

Mozans. H. J. Along the Andes and Down the Amazon. Cloth. 8vo, pp. 542. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$4.

The first impression one derives from a casual scanning of this volume is that of the remarkable, almost amazing, erudition of the author, together with a modernity which is unusual in the scholarly. A careful perusal strengthens and justifies this impression. Dr. Mozans seems to have been everywhere and studied everything with a cosmopolitan disregard of language (at least west of Greece and Russia) which sets most of us on a low seat at the outset. His especial interest in life, however, has been, he tells us, thoroughly to acquaint himself with the history, antiquities, and people, past and present, of northern South America; and to that end he stored his mind with an encyclopedia of information from all sources, from the ancient Spanish chronicles down. A beginning was made by an exploratory journey in the Orinoco region—the scene of his book "Up the Orinoco"; and now he takes us to Ecuador, Peru, over the Cordillera, and down the whole length of the Amazon.

One would like to follow him minutely, picking up "good things," but a few samples only can be given as indications of why the reviewer feels enthusiastic over the volume, and is sincere in recommending it. His story begins at Panama, where he praises the work that is being done, and is positive of a great future for the Isthmus ports. Then down to Guayaquil, which he finds already beginning energetic measures for sanitation, and where he believes yellow fever will soon be eliminated—these measures being a result of both the example and the competition of clean

Panama. He anticipates a rich development of the port. A rail journey to Quito gives material for a chapter of "scenic" and scientific interest accompanied by freezing hardships on the lofty tableland; and he finds much in the city and in Ecuador generally to praise, but believes that a far greater advance would have been made had Pres. García Moreno been permitted to live.

Going on down the coast, he notes the port of Payta, which has one of the best harbors on the coast, and which may presently become a place



From Fournier's "Napoleon."



UNFAMILIAR PORTRAITS OF NAPOLEON AS FIRST CONSUL

of vast importance, for there seems now a prospect that the long-planned railroad from Payta to San Borja, on the Amazon, will soon be built. This railway would be less than 400 miles long, and by the aid of a short tunnel may cross the Andes through Huarmaca pass at the surprisingly low elevation of 7,000 feet, with nowhere more than a two-per-cent. grade. Dr. Mozans observes:

"It would pass through a region of vast agricultural and mineral resources, which hitherto has been completely neglected. It has been estimated that its iron-ore deposits—some of it magnetite of the best quality—amount to several hundred million tons. . . . In close proximity to them are all the coal and carbonate of lime necessary for the smelting of the ore, and sufficient petroleum for supplying the locomotives with fuel for an indefinite period. . . . But the greatest advantages would accrue from putting the immense Amazon basin, with its countless treasures of all kinds, within easy reach of the great commercial centers of the United States. This would be especially true after the completion of the Panama Canal."

This is a sample of the eye to practical matters which this traveler has, and the valuable and novel information with which his book is loaded. He travels to the interior of Peru, is everywhere received with cordiality, and is impressed with the excellent character of the people and the undeveloped wealth of the region. What enormous quantities of gold and silver the country has yielded is well known; but he quotes the opinion of competent judges that enormously rich deposits of silver, at least, still remain. Less familiar, however, are the possibilities of agriculture, not only on the arid west slope where great irrigation works are beginning, but especially in the valleys of the high interior, where some of the most extensive and richly productive cane-sugar plantations in the world are under operation.

To those interested in antiquities Dr. Mozans' long and learned review of the history and civilization of the Incas will seem, perhaps, the best of the book; and it is one of the most critical and enlightening studies of the subject which have anywhere appeared.

Leaving the civilized parts of Peru, the author, with an escort and pack furnished by the Government, rode through the tropical wilderness of rugged mountains, rushing rivers, and almost unbroken forest

which characterize the eastern slope of the Cordillera, down to a navigable tributary of the Amazon. This part of the book is rich in description of the tropical forest and its life. Dr. Mozans is not a zoologist or sportsman in any eminent degree, but he is an enthusiastic botanist; and one gathers from his pages a most vivid idea of what those wonderful jungles he passed through are like. The Indians, also, were of great interest to him; especially in their degradation since the kindly interest and aid of the Catholic missionaries has been taken away.

"The Romance of the Amazon" is a chapter of remarkable novelty and pathetic interest. When the river was reached a long canoe-voyage was necessary to get to Yurimaguas, the head of steamboat navigation on the Huallaga. This is a lively frontier town, tenanted by men of every nationality, all collecting and selling rubber, and looking forward to great things when the Payta-Amazon Railroad shall be built and extended to their town. Six hundred miles farther down is Iquitos, with twelve or fifteen thousand citizens and hosts of strangers, all half crazy on the subject of rubber, of which \$50,000,000 worth is exported annually from this part of the Amazon valley. Iquitos is in Peru, but ocean steamers come to her busy wharves, and here the author embarked on a steamer which brought him direct to New York—5,000 miles away.

One may judge from this hasty sketch how replete with novel and modern information as well as with ancient lore and pleasant adventure Dr. Mozans' book is.

MR. MELVILLE'S NEW BOOK ON THACKERAY

Melville. Lewis. Some Aspects of Thackeray. 8vo, pp. 281. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50 net.

This fascinating book is not to be read all at once. It is to be dipped into, laid aside, and taken up again. The poet Gray said of Aristotle's *Ethics* that it was like "chopped hay"—fragmentary and yet condensed and nutritious. We say the same of this collection of essays, all of which, with the exception of "Thackeray and the Dignity of Literature," "Thackeray and the Newgate School of Fiction," and "Some Editions of Thackeray," have appeared as occasional papers in various serials. There have recently appeared, during the months of this novelist's centenary, many careful and judicious

studies of his life and character. In some of these studies we see the figure of the master standing forth in all its grandeur and expressiveness like a statue fresh from the sculptor's hand.

Mr. Lewis Melville, or Mr. Lewis Benjamin, his real name, already known to us as the author of a two-volume *Life of Thackeray*, has here done scarcely more than gather up the chips that fall from the block out of which the divine statue has been fashioned, or rather he reveals the mold in which the bronze of a great and creative mind has been cast. He introduces us to the mind of Thackeray when he quotes the novelist: "Be gentle to all people. Be modest to women. Be tender to children. And as for the Ogre Humbug, out sword and have at him." These words represent the very mold. As a reader and critic of books he tells us that Thackeray, an exquisite stylist himself, was a great worshiper of Fielding. "My English would have been much better if I had read Fielding before I was ten," he was heard to remark. Thackeray was not great as a poet, and his ballads in *Punch* were hack work, declares Mr. Melville—"Few of them bear the hall-mark of the writer's individuality." In the chapter on the "Newgate School of Fiction" we learn how his "Catharine," written as a *reductio ad absurdum* of that class of novel, had its effect—"Ainsworth gave away to the attack, and made no further contribution to the Newgate School of Fiction."

Speaking of "Thackeray as Artist," our writer challenges the dictum of "cavilers," who "say that Thackeray was no artist" and praises "the originality of the drawings, the fancy, the whimsicality, the sense of humor which inspired them." Nevertheless it is true that the novelist, in comparison with some of his illustrators, such as Leech, Charles E. Brock, and Frederick E. Walker, appears to be no draftsman, in an academic sense. Mr. Melville gives as specimens several masterpieces of these illustrators, and indeed, the fifty or more reproductions which illustrate this volume are admirably selected and include portraits of Theodore Hook, Ayreton, and R. Montgomery.

Of course, a comparison between Thackeray and Dickens was inevitable, and this writer quotes with approval the dictum of a critic that "Thackeray was a satirizer and Dickens a satirist." We should rather be inclined to say that the author of



From Lewis Melville's "Some Aspects of Thackeray."
1830



(Exact date uncertain.)



1835

"Vanity Fair" was a satirist, while "Pickwick" and other works by its author reveal the eye and hand of the caricaturist. We commend to the attention of the reader the admirable essay on "Thackeray's Originals," and are inclined to praise highly the whole work in that the writer has refrained from obtruding his own criticisms or ideas, but has furnished us with a mass of sheer data, all authenticated, none without value. The industry of Mr. Melville is as admirable as are his enthusiasm and good judgment.

THE NEW NOVEL OF HOPKINSON SMITH

Smith, F. Hopkinson. Kennedy Square. Illustrated. Pp. 504. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1911. \$1.50.

Mr. Smith prefaces his new novel with a quotation from "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," in which "Kennedy Square" is described so graphically that the perfume of the flowers, the tumble-down dignity of the Southern architecture, and the very indolence of the atmosphere permeate the reader's soul. No one can portray the true Southern gentleman with a more loving touch than Hopkinson Smith. And perhaps, because he brings to his descriptions the artistic perception of a painter, the practical poise of a business man, and the dramatic instincts of a clever author, his character delineation has the grip of reality and convincing quality.

The love story, which supposedly furnishes the vital basis of the present work, hinges on the old Southern code of honor, which recognized dueling as the only adequate way of settling a gentleman's quarrel, and because the hot-headed young hero shoots a guest in his father's house, because that guest under the influence of too much strong punch had been disrespectful to the hero's sweetheart, he is banished both from his lady's favor and his father's house. There is unhappiness on all sides, and when Harry Rutter finally realizes that he has neither manhood nor money enough to solve the difficulty, he ships on a South American sailing-vessel, determined to justify his friend's allegiance and compel his father's respect.

The real story, however, is not the love story but the history of St. George Wilmot Temple, a bachelor of over fifty, a typical gentleman of the old school—one of Mr. Smith's best creations—generous to a fault, and so lovable that every one adored him. "Uncle George" to all the young people, "Marse George" to Todd and Aunt Jemima, his house servants, the soul of honor, friend and father to Harry when his own father cast him off, peacemaker and messenger between Harry and Kate—in every episode of his life a charming and forceful character.

Among the best pages of the book are the descriptions of the dinners where statesmen, poets, and famous writers meet: "To dine meant to get your elbows next to your dearest friend—half a dozen or more of your dearest friends, if possible—to look into their faces, hear them talk, regale them with the best your purse afforded." And the author makes Edgar Allan Poe a potent power in the structure and development of the plot, dwelling on his rare genius, and deprecating his one vice—"There's nothing so rare as genius in this world, and even if his flame does burn from a vile-smelling wick, it's a flame,

remember—and one that will yet light the ages."

It seems perfectly natural that every one should love St. George, even the lowly tradesmen—but the reader wonders why he does not go to work and so avoid the pangs and penalties of poverty, until his own explanation made us understand—"As to my making a living at the law—that was pure moonshine. I haven't opened a law book for twenty years, and now it is too late. People of our class, my boy, when they reach the neck-and-crop period you spoke of, are at the end of their rope. There are then but two things left—either to become the inmate of a poorhouse or to become a sponge." With the return of Harry, come reconciliations, reestablishment of fortune and family ties, and a charming and dramatic story is brought to a happy and satisfactory close.

MRS. WIGGIN'S NEW BOOK

Wiggin, Kate Douglas. Mother Carey's Chickens. Pp. 356. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1911. \$1.25 net. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.

There is only one Kate Douglas Wiggin and we thought there could be only one "Rebecca," but this new book makes us wonder if Rebecca did not have a sister named Nancy. Mother Carey, left with her brood of four young chicks, finds herself confronted by the problem of cutting down expenses, and readjusting all their lives to new conditions and surroundings, at the same time trying to maintain high ideals and prevent the perfect family circle from becoming the all too common "rhomboid." How the "Yellow House" came to be chosen, and how Julia became one of the "stormy petrels," is told with the power and charm that are uniquely Mrs. Wiggin's, a charm which no one can describe and no one fail to feel. Her own personality finds its expression in a quaint originality which reaches the heart and seems to make every character vividly alive. The Carey children are neither prudes nor imps, just honest, wholesome, impulsive little kids, but their adoration of their lovely little mother and the keynote of her devotion to her fatherless brood are touching and inspiring.

How the little circle keeps its shape under great adversity, and how it reaches out to include other less fortunate children, furnish a theme for a book full of fun and feeling, pathos and power. The author's sense of humor makes her develop each situation to its highest power, and every line betrays her love and appreciation of New England life and types. All the Carey children are fun, but Nancy is irresistible, and in her endeavor to get rid of the "curse of the Careys" there are laughs enough to cure all human ills.

IN QUEEN MARY'S LAND

Baring-Gould, S. The Land of Teck and Its Neighborhood. Decorated Cloth, 8vo, pp. 326. Portraits, illustrations and map. New York: John Lane. \$3.50.

No one better than Mr. Baring-Gould knows how to mingle scenery, personal interest, history, legend, and chat into a narrative; and the reader justly feels that he has lost nothing of value by being entertained while he was edified. These pleasing characteristics belong to this, the latest volume from this author's pen, in which he guides us, tutor-like, about storied dales and uplands of the Swabian Alb—

the northwestern edge of the Jurassic plateau in Würtemberg, from which comes the royal ducal title of Queen Mary and family. It is a rough, picturesque, limestone country, with many isolated conical hills, easily defended, caves for refuge, and fertile foot-plains where in the intervals of peace food enough might be raised to last the lord and the burghers through the next siege. As for the stolid peasants, nobody ever did or will care a "tuppence" for them. Central in position between the Roman and papal influences of the south and the Teutonic north, between the domain of France and the Slavic unrest to the east, and abounding in impregnable and strategic positions for castles, private fortresses of the truly "predatory rich" of the Middle Ages were strewn thickly over the whole area. When there were no strangers to harry, they tried to plunder and destroy one another. Lying on the borderland of theological strife, between the Catholic south and Protestant north, there was constant religious turmoil, many a duchy or county or parish having to change its methods of worship every year or two, as changing rulers happened to be on one doctrinal side or the other. Here arose that great feud of Welf versus Waibling (Guelph and Ghibelline) which so long ulcerated in southern Europe; and here arose, from the local knightly families, lines of descent which have been peculiarly prominent:

"From a land as the crow flies sixty miles across from north to south, and forty miles from east to west, rose the mighty dynasties of the Hohenstaufen, Emperors of Germany and Kings of Rome and Sicily; the Hohenzollerns, Kings of Prussia, and present imperial house of Germany; the Guelfs, Kings of Bavaria, Kings of Hanover, Kings of England and Emperors of India, the King of Würtemberg, and Dukes of Teck, and the Grand Dukes of Baden."

With such material as this, and a thorough familiarity with the place and the people, and having especially a sympathetic regard for their antiquities and folklore, it is not surprising that Mr. Baring-Gould has produced an admirable and extremely readable book, and one that should be in the possession of every traveler who visits that part of Würtemberg, as it is easy to do from Stuttgart or Geneva. The illustrations are all from paintings, and deserve high praise, as also does the general make-up of the volume.

AN ITALIAN TOWN AS OLD AS TROY

Briggs, Martin Shaw. In the Heel of Italy. A Study of an Unknown City. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 380. 45 illustrations and plans. New York: Duffield & Co.

The unknown city is Lecce, which stands in the center of the plain formerly called Terra di Otranto, in the southern extension of ancient Apulia between the Adriatic and the Ionian Seas. It is now a large, energetic, clean town, the capital and military headquarters of a province, and easily accessible, yet almost never visited by foreigners. But with this exposition of the attractiveness of the region this isolation is likely soon to be broken.

Mr. Briggs is an artist-architect, and in addition to many excellent photographs he gives a large number of extremely interesting pen-sketches of buildings, doorways, and bits of town-life, which are picturesquely vivid. The city is notable

architecturally as an example of "baroque," but contains several fine examples of medieval structures. That these are not many, nor very old, is due to the repeated destruction which overtook Leeche in the incessant wars of the Middle Ages, when it was sacked and laid waste again and again. Its history—as of all the "heel" of Italy—is extraordinarily long and eventful. The city's foundations rest upon the ruins of a Roman city which has been in part excavated by antiquarians, storing the local museum with most interesting relics; but this buried town itself rests upon the leveled remains of two or three earlier cities.

To this history, going back to the mythical days of Troy and the Minoan Kingdom in Cyprus, the author gives much attention, tracing the story from the almost prehistoric colonists of Magna Graecia to the fierce Garibaldian revolution which found here its most ardent supporters. This is done in so bright and humorous a style as to make the long narrative really entertaining; while the account of present-day life in Leeche and its populous, relic-strewn neighborhood, will entice many a tourist to turn his steps thither.

FOR BETTER HEALTH ON FARMS

Harris, H. F. *Health on the Farm. A Manual of Rural Sanitation and Hygiene.* Cloth, 12mo, pp. 300. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. 75 cents net.

Dr. Harris, who is the active head of the State Board of Health of Georgia, has here address excellent counsel to families who dwell in the country on the subject of keeping their health. He shows how the surprisingly unhygienic surroundings and habits of many farm-families, especially in the South and Southwest, are responsible for most of the disease with which whole districts are sometimes afflicted; and how this evil condition may be remedied by means quite within the ability of the average countryman.

He warns his readers especially against the danger of contaminating the water-supply and the grounds about the house, and describes not only what should be avoided, but how a better disposition of waste, construction of stables, privies, etc., is possible. The agency of microbes and insects in communicating prevalent diseases is dwelt upon, and screening and methods of cleanliness are urged. The character and prevention of familiar rural diseases, such as malaria, typhoid, spinal meningitis, are clearly explained, special space being devoted to hookworm, so prevalent in the Southern States, and so easy to avoid by general cleanliness. Foods receive much attention also—rather bewilderingly, for unless one gets the author's point of view the impression left is that nothing is quite good to eat or drink. Those in good health need not worry over this part of the little volume; while it is full of precious information to the dyspeptic. In connection with this subject Dr. Mary E. Lapham has written a capital lot of recipes and cooking directions, which ought to be exceedingly helpful to young housekeepers, in town as well as on the farm.

Altogether the book, while not in the least a "family physician," is full of the most helpful information from a family physician and a scientific one at that. It is one of the most helpful volumes in that helpful series, *The Young Farmer's Practical Library.*

OTHER RECENT BOOKS

Beach, Rex. *The Ne'er-Do-Well.* Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Pp. 402. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1911. \$1.25 net.

No one ever gets more real action into a book than Rex Beach. "The Ne'er-Do-Well" has the advantage of a new and exciting background, some startling plot development, and, withal, a lovable hero. There is no glossing over Kirk Anthony's real character, and the opening chapters convince the reader that, from very excessive sowing of wild-oats, he reaps only a most consistent harvest. The main part of the story takes place in Panama, and the spirit of the great Canal, the stupendous work being done by the Americans, pervades it and provides vital interest, shedding light on some of the problems difficult for the stay-at-home to understand. Of the story: There is plot and counter-plot, villain and villainess, political intrigue and an exciting love story that barely misses being melodramatic.

The character of Mrs. Cortlandt has many surprises and many attractions; it is a disappointment when she fails of the best. The book offers nothing especially



THE HOUSE IN WHICH "THE BROAD HIGHWAY" WAS WRITTEN.

Mr. Farnol wrote "The Broad Highway" in the house of his father-in-law, Hughson Hawley, in Englewood, N. J. He is an Englishman, however, born in Warwickshire, but his home, since early boyhood, has been in Kent, the scene of his story. Mr. Farnol says he has walked and cycled over the greater part of Kent, where he has "made many friends with all manner of men, finding much wisdom veiled in corduroy and homespun." All his characters, except Charnian the heroine, are "very real persons to him." Charnian "was the most difficult to create." Mr. Farnol is now writing a new novel, which will be published sometime next year.

After completing "The Broad Highway," Mr. Farnol entrusted the manuscript to an actor-friend who was going to Boston, and offered to submit it to Messrs. Little, Brown & Company. After the passing of a few months in which he heard nothing from the story, Mr. Farnol met his friend in New York, only to find that the manuscript still remained in the bottom of one of his trunks, the publishers not having seen it. Going to England soon afterward, Mr. Farnol submitted the manuscript to the London house which published Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," and it was accepted. Curiously enough, the American rights were afterward secured by the very house to whom Mr. Farnol's actor-friend had intended to submit the manuscript. Before the manuscript was taken to Boston, it had been submitted to a New York house which declined it as "unsuited to the American taste."

"The Broad Highway" has not only been, for several months, a leader among best-selling books, but for distinction of style, novelty, and charm of treatment it has been thought by many to be the best novel of some few recent years. After all that has been said, and may still be said, of debased public taste in novel-reading, the public, or at least a few hundred thousand of them, have clearly vindicated themselves and their judgment by reading and applauding this beautiful romance.

new, but the style is refreshing. The author has a keen sense of humor; he is plausible enough for the critical and exciting enough for the lover of thrills and sensational surprises.

Bindloss, Harold. *A Prairie Courtship.* Pp. 346. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1911. \$1.25 net.

Mr. Bindloss has written a pretty story told in a manner that betrays intense love for and sympathy with Nature in every form, and a keen appreciation of the difficulties and compensations of frontier life. Some of the links in the chain seem a little weak, and the characters are not always convincing, especially so in the case of Eleot Hunter whose self-contained strength and forceful nature give the author a dramatic opportunity which he absolutely fails to grasp; but one is bound to like Maverick Thorne, whether he sells gramophones, mirrors, and hair-tonic, or settles down to become a householder in order to win the girl he loves. The way in which the "bad man" is circumvented, Florence Hunter taught to appreciate her husband, and Alison finally won supply entertaining reading, even if it is not wonderful literature. The book is clean, breezy, and sincere, but would mean more to a Nature-lover than to one interested in clever character depiction.

Clarke, William Newton. *The Ideal of Jesus.* 8vo, pp. 329. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The whole revelation of the Son of Man and his testimony concerning the life of man outlines that which was the ideal condition of the individual and of society. As Dr. Clarke points out, the Christianity which we received from its Founder has become modified in its application. A leading divine in the English Church recently declared from his pulpit that if we were to try to practise the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount in their literal application, it would result in the dissolution of society. This conviction may be taken as typical in representing the genuine opinion of many who read their Bible. The author of this illuminating work sets out to reconcile modern thought, the modern mind, and modern life with the ideals of Jesus. He shows that the progress of Christianity has not consisted in the establishment of rules and methods, but rather in the unfolding of principles and the entrance of inspirations that make them alive. This is the basic idea under which Dr. Clarke deals with the vital problems of to-day, under such titles as "Righteousness"; "The Twofold Law of Love"; "Liberty"; "Justice"; "Wealth"; etc. These comprehensive subjects are treated in a fresh, and spiritual manner, and the views of the writer will be found very enlightening and full of encouragement to those who are inclined to think New-Testament teaching out of harmony with the complexities of life as it is at present.

Crawford, Samuel J. *Kansas in the Sixties.* 8vo, pp. 441. New York and Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.00 net.

The autobiography of a man like Governor Crawford necessarily reads somewhat like a romance, altho at the last it settles down into a plain narrative of gubernatorial routine. He was a man who lived a strenuous life in the wild Territorial days of the West, who fought Indians and hunted buffaloes in a region which is now mapped out into peaceful

(Continued on page 500)

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 498)

farms, dotted with wealthy cities and gridironed by the iron rails of progress. During Lincoln's Administration he was called to the battle-field as colonel of the 19th Kansas Cavalry, and eventually became partaker in many engagements in the operations west of the Mississippi. The events of the Indian wars are related in a manner which thrills the reader. The personal experiences of officers in the War of Secession are always interesting. They add touch after touch to the great battle-piece of the Lincoln era. We should like to quote some of the incidents as related by Mr. Crawford. Space, however, forbids. While local politics in Kansas and local patriotism will be appealed to by this frank and fascinating work, we feel sure that it will attract the attention and stir the interest of all those who wish to know more about the development of the West.

Hastings, James, M.A., D.D., assisted by John A. Selbie, M.A., D.D., and other Scholars. Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics. Vol. III. Burial Confessions. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1911. Royal 8vo, pp. xvi, 901. \$7.

The present volume of this great undertaking consists of about 120 articles contributed by 169 writers, nearly all of them specialists in their subjects, coming from Great Britain and its dependencies, the United States, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Russia, and Japan. It is therefore fairly cosmopolitan, as the range of its subject requires. The four leading articles are those on Calendar (of composite authorship, 80 pages), Charms and Amulets (composite, 80), Confessions (single, 62), and Communion with Deity (composite, 40). The other longer articles range between 12 and 27 pages in length, and deal with such important subjects as Burma, China, Cambodia, Canaanites, Celts, Charity, Chastity, Children, Calvinism, Christianity, Circumcision, and Church of England. The general tone of the contributions is high, as would be expected from the names by which they are signed. And an important feature of the discussions is that indications are often given of definite subjects the further investigation of which would contribute to the solution of larger questions.

Criticism of such a work is, of course, easy. The possibilities of the subjects are so vast that only the most careful editing and widest collaboration could produce the best results. An article on conception as regarded by the less advanced peoples would have proved a fertile field, as illustrated, e.g., by Hartland's "Primitive Paternity." Censorship should have noted the Roman Catholic practise. The two-fold basis of Celibacy as a religious notion is not treated. The relevancy of such articles as Business, Commerce, and Concept is not quite clear. Chams and Chamars are wrongly alphabetized. On the other hand, there are several single articles which to comparative religionists are each alone worth the price of the volume, while to Symbolists "Confession" will prove exceedingly valuable.

James, George Wharton. The Wonders of the Colorado Desert (Southern California). Its River and its Mountains, its Cañons and its Springs, its Life and its History, pictured and described. With a

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colored frontispiece, 32 full-page plates, and more than 300 pen-and-ink sketches by Carl Eytel. New Edition. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 547. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50 net.

This is a new edition, in a single volume, of what has been hitherto published in two separate and more costly volumes. Its elaborate title-page fully describes its scope, but does not mention an addition in the shape of an account of that vast overflow of the Rio Colorado known as the Salton Sea, which Mr. James visited and photographed. The book will be of great service to any one contemplating going to that region for health or business—few would seek it as a pleasure place.

Ladd, George Trumbull. *The Teacher's Practical Philosophy.* 8vo, pp. 331. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.25 net.

The science of education has been recently developed, especially in this country, to an amazing extent, and handbooks of all sorts on the psychology of pedagogy have multiplied accordingly. The present writer is, however, one who does not get into the clouds and deal merely with abstractions. He believes in a high ideal for teachers as regards their own equipment and self-education, as well as the claims and interests of the pupil and of society. He speaks very openly of "the national evils," which he sees in "educational processes now in vogue." And he attributes whatever failure is met with in training the young to the lack of discipline, through moral and religious motives, and in accordance with lofty ideals which prevail in the home life, in school, and in college throughout the country. Yet he does not deal in generalities, and his several chapters on the Function, the Equipment, and the chief ideals of the teacher are of the utmost value, as searching and trustworthy essays of true suggestiveness to those undertaking the most important of professions. How great are the dignity and significance of the teacher's vocation will be better realized on reading Dr. Larned's last chapter on the "Teacher's Relation to Society and the State." We think that this treatise should be in the hands of all young men and women who are sitting or intend to sit at the teacher's rostrum.

Matthews, Brander. *A Study of Versification.* Pp. 275. Boston, 1911: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

Professor Matthews calls this little book "a text-book of metrical rhetoric," the object of which "is to provide the student with an understanding of the mechanism of verse, that he may have a richer appreciation of poetry." The teacher of rhetoric or English literature who would like to give his pupils an insight into the technic of verse-making will find here the very manual he is looking for. And the writer of verse who is puzzled at the persistent inability of magazine editors to recognize the merit of his products will do well to procure a copy of this work and peruse it carefully and thoughtfully. For while he may not learn therefrom how verse ought to be written, he will surely gain something from Professor Matthews' explanation of how verse has been written by those poets who have successfully wooed the Muse.

McCollom, William C. *Vines and How to Grow Them.* Decorated Cloth, 12mo, pp. 312. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.10 net.

This should be one of the most widely acceptable volumes of the Garden Library, to which it belongs, for it deals practically with all kinds of climbing and trailing

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plants for garden effects. The book therefore appeals to the landscape gardener and architect who desire to get as quickly and effectively as possible the softening and beautifying effects of trailing shrubbery, especially in the case of a country-house newly constructed. The instruction given here covers, however, not only the hardy annual vines and permanent woody vines for pergolas, etc., but many of the beautiful exotics which are grown for cut flowers in greenhouses. Many illustrations of trellises and supports, and how to make them, and of the treatment of foliage upon house walls, both embellish the book and assist one to obtain like effects.

Scala, Guglielmo. *Mona Lisa.* Pp. 206. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1911. \$1.00 net.

The publication of this volume was, oddly enough, coincident with the news that the "Mona Lisa," for which France has been said to have refused \$3,000,000, had been stolen from its frame in the Louvre. This world-famous portrait inspired the author to weave a romantic web about the subject of the portrait and Leonardo, the wonderful scientist, inventor, artist, and man. The story purports to be a translation of a dilapidated manuscript discovered in a heap of rubbish in the ruins of an old palace in Florence, and a very plausible explanation is given for omissions, and for the present arrangement. The author has familiarized himself thoroughly with the habits and characteristics of the great Leonardo, so that the letters of the master, his peculiar opinions, and his little allegorical stories seem very real. Persuaded by his favorite pupil, Salai, Leonardo consents to paint a portrait of "Mona Lisa," the wife of a famous Florentine merchant, and the sittings, extending over four years, give an opportunity for the development of love between sitter and artist which they believe they can keep "celestial." By the introduction of a rather salacious episode, hinted at in Lisa's letter to Leonardo, the author shows that he has much more faith in man's power of self-control than in woman's, but there is still the question: "Can man be innocent with guilty thoughts?" Also, "Is it advisable to 'make up' stories about great men or great works?" We will not prompt the reader to a verdict, for in either case the story is well written and worth reading.

Singleton, Esther. *A Guide to Great Cities. Western Europe.* Pp. 293. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company. 1911. \$1.25 net.

Miss Singleton is well known for her different guide-books, written with especial consideration of a child's needs and comprehension, and this adds one more to her list of successes and well-deserved honors. She writes, in the present volume, of all the well-known cities in France and Spain, with one chapter devoted to Portugal's capital, Lisbon. The book is well illustrated, and is a good guide for one traveling, or a good book of reference for the student at home. The author faithfully presents the cities—their historical origin, physical location, and their importance from the standpoint of history, art, and commerce. The reader finds plenty of amusement and helpful information in the interesting pages and has the satisfaction of knowing that the facts are authoritative and reliable.

CURRENT POETRY

"A GLANCE across the undulating field of poetry," says James Milne, London correspondent of the New York *Times*, "leads me to think that we shall soon be looking to you in America to supply us with English-singing poets. Ours are becoming mute"

One by one Mr. Milne dismisses the English choir—Alfred Austin is putting a period to his literary career by writing his reminiscences. Rudyard Kipling seems to have worked out his vein and struck slag. William Watson is silent, or at the least sounds no forward note.

Mr. Milne continues:

"What we want in poetry is a group of singers who will take up the social music of advancing England, radical England if you like, the England which is likely to blossom, now that the veto of the feudatory House of Lords has practically been abolished.

"It will be a poet of the people who will do that, a Robert Burns, or a William Morris, or a Gerald Massey—somebody, anyhow, with an ear for the march of the people. The great strikes which we have had are really a violent expression of this order forward, but the music will take a much more beautiful form when we can get a poet to put it into verse. You encourage poetry in your great magazines, you pay for it, you like it, you get it."

The italicized may seem touched with irony to a host of young, unknown poets.

"Can not you, out of this garden where poetry is cultivated, give us a poet such as we need and such as we do not seem to have ourselves? You have given us Mr. Ezra Pound, who is an undoubted poet, but we want somebody still bigger, somebody whose poetry will ring on both sides of the Atlantic, if only to show that the tongue which Shakespeare spake is still capable of making melody in the world."

Here, then, is a call to American poets! Does America's literary future hold an Elizabethan era?

Mr. Schumann—we quoted from his book a few weeks ago ("The Man and the Rose," Richard T. Badger)—tells us of the days of the giants:

When William Shakespeare Wrote His Plays

BY ALANSON TUCKER SCHUMANN

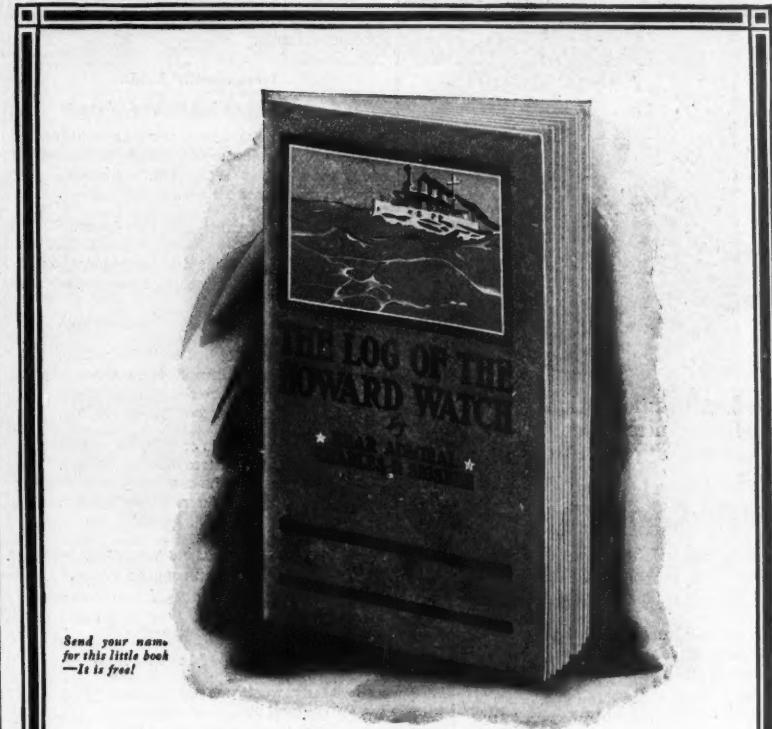
Methinks it was a merry scene,
This London Town of long ago;
The chaste Elizabeth was queen
(She caused her cousin's blood to flow);
The courtier sought his wit to show,
And voiced his artificial lays;
The Thames was mightier than the Po—
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays.

The lasses were alert, I ween,
In sparkled gaud and ribboned bow,
To greet the lads upon the green
And to the fiddle trip the toe;
Proud dames were wont the dice to throw;
Perchance the plotter got the praise;
The fawning friend was oft the foe—
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays.

The query of the world has been,
Was William's manner quick or slow?
His doubtful face, was it serene—
Or flashed with introspective glow?
Alack! of him we little know,
And of that little most is haze.
Did other bards the palm bestow—
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays?

Envoy

Ah, passing old shall England grow
Ere such great poets walk her ways
As in the stately times, I trow.
When William Shakespeare wrote his plays!



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"Irreversible Unda" (*The Athenaeum*) expresses a mood that is a match for the sturdiest faith:

Irreversible Unda

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

I sit and watch the weary, weeping weather,
The clustering rain-drops thicken on the pane;
I hear the waters and the wind complain
O for the years when we were young together.

The dripping branches and the drenched dark heather,
The low gray clouds that shroud the lonely height,
Weigh on my heart that once had found them light.
O for the years when we were young together.

Time, the implacable, has us in his tether,
And Memory's self turns traitor—when I seek
Her hoard of golden lore she will not speak—
O for the years when we were young together.

Tho still may fall a tide of halcyon weather
With sun to gild such treasures as remain,
What time has taken he can not give again—
O for the years when we were young together.

To *Harper's Magazine* we must turn for much that is best in magazine verse. Here is a pleasant offering:

Love's Miracle

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

Many wondrous things there be—
Wax and honey of the bee,
Milk of cow, and song of bird
In the dawn of morning heard;
Bloom of flowers from dark earth,
Myriad creatures come to birth,
Children's laughter, and the sea's
Deep, antiphonal harmonies;
Sun that kindles with a spark
Day's strange conquest of the dark;
Moon and stars that glow afar
Where unheard-of beings are;
Clouds that paint the wistful sky
With ethereal artistry;
Winds that weave long symphonies
On the bough-strung harps of trees,—
Wondrous things, but none to us
So divine, miraculous,
Hath such awe the mind to bow
As thou art I, and I am thou.

Richard Le Gallienne pens another of his musical questions, this time for *The Forum*:

The End

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Tell me, strange heart, so mysteriously beating
Unto what end?
Body and soul so mysteriously meeting,
Strange friend and friend,
Hand clasped in hand so mysteriously faring,
Say what and why all this dreaming and daring,
This sowing and reaping and laughing and
weeping.

That ends but in sleeping—
Only one meaning, only—the End.

Ah! all the love, the gold glory, the singing,
Unto what end?
Flowers of April immortally springing,
Face of one's friend,
Stars of the morning and moon in her quarters,
Shining of suns and running of waters,
Growing and blowing and snowing and
flowing.

Ah! where are they going?
All on one journey, all to—the End.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A FOREFATHER OF THE BOERS

MANY years ago a band of pirates infested an island in the North Sea, just five miles from the Dutch coast, and passed their time in looting the vessels wind-swept upon its sharp, projecting shores, not always without bloodshed and cruelty. Finally, however, they attracted the notice of King William I., and he commissioned a young lawyer at The Hague to "clean up the entire island." How it was done is told by Mr. Edward Bok, editor of *The Ladies Home Journal*, who owns up at the end of the story that the lawyer was his grandfather. He writes in his magazine that the young man decided to make the island his home:

But it was a gruesome place. Barren of tree or living green of any kind, it was much as if a man had been exiled to Siberia. Still, argued the young Mayor, an ugly place is only ugly because it is not beautiful. And beautiful, he determined, should this island be.

One day the young Mayor-Judge called together his Council. "We must have trees," he said; "we can make this island a spot of beauty if we will." But the practical seafaring men demurred; the little money they had was needed for matters far more urgent than trees.

"Very well," was the Mayor's decision—and little they guessed what the words were destined to mean—"I will do it myself." And that spring he planted one hundred trees; the first the island had ever seen.

"Too cold," said the islanders; "the severe north winds and storms will kill them all."

"Then I will plant more," said the unperturbed Mayor. And for the fifty years that he lived on the island he did so. One hundred trees each year he planted; and, meanwhile, he deeded land to the island government, which he turned into public squares and parks. And there each spring he planted thousands of young shrubs and plants.

Moistened by the salt mist of the sea, the trees did not wither but grew prodigiously. In all that expanse of turbulent sea—and only those who have seen the North Sea in a storm know how turbulent it can be—there was not a foot of ground for miles around on which the birds of that clime, storm-driven across the water-waste, could rest in their flight. Thousands of dead birds covered the surface of the sea.

Then one day the trees had grown large enough to look over the sea, and, spent and driven, the first birds came and rested in their leafy shelter. And others came and found protection, and their gratitude gave vent in song. Within a few years so many birds found the trees in their new island home that they attracted the attention not only of the native islanders but also of the people on the shore five miles distant, and it was not long before the island became famous as the home of the rarest and most beautiful birds.

Then the Royal yacht, with the King and Queen on board, dropt anchor one day and the Royal visitors came to see the

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island and the birds of which they had heard. Forthwith went the fame of "The Island of Birds," as it became known. And so grateful were the birds for their resting-place that they chose one end of the island as a special spot for the laying of their eggs and the raising of their young, and they fairly peopled it. It was not long before ornithologists from various parts of the world came to "Eggland," as the island point came to be known, to see the marvelous sight, not of thousands of bird eggs, but literally of hundreds of thousands; some even carried the number of eggs into the million.

A pair of storm-driven nightingales had now found the island and mated there, and their wonderful notes thrilled even the souls of the natives; and as dusk fell upon the seabound strip of land the women and children would come to "the square" and hear the evening notes of the birds of golden song. The two nightingales soon grew into a colony, and within a few years so rich was the island in its nightingales that it once more changed its name, and over to the Dutch coast and throughout the land and over into other countries spread the fame of "The Island of Nightingales."

Meanwhile the young lawyer had continued to plant his trees—a hundred a year—and soon we read:

Artists began to hear of the place and brought their canvases, and on the walls of hundreds of homes throughout the world hang to-day bits of the beautiful lanes and wooded spots of "The Island of Nightingales." An American artist takes his pupils there almost annually, and "In all the world to-day," he says to his students, as they exclaim at the natural cool restfulness of the island, "there is not a more beautiful place than this."

The trees are now majestic in their height of forty and fifty feet; for it is nearly a hundred years since the young attorney went to the island and planted the first tree, and the churchyard where he lies is a bower of cool green, with the trees that he planted dropping their moisture on the lichen-covered stone on his grave.

This much, says Mr. Bok, did one man do. "But he did more":

After he had been on the barren island two years he went to the mainland one day and came back bringing with him a bride. It was a bleak place for a bridal home, but the young wife had the qualities of the husband. "While you raise your trees," she said, "I will raise our children." And within a score of years the young bride sent thirteen happy-faced, well-brought-up children over that island, and there was reared a home such as is given to few children. "It was such a home," said one of the men who subsequently married a daughter of that home, "that once you had been in it you felt you must be of it, and that if you couldn't marry one of the daughters you would have been glad to have married the cook."

One day, when the children had grown to man's and woman's estate, the mother called them all together and said to them: "I want to tell you the story of your father and this island"; and she told them the simple story that is written here.

"And now," she said to them, "as you go out into the world I want each of you to take with you the spirit of your father's

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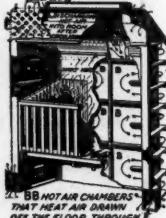
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work, and each in your own way and place, to do as he has done; make you the world a bit more beautiful or better because you have been in it. That is your mother's message to you."

The second son left home for the Dutch mainland, where he entered a small pulpit; and when he had finished his work he was mourned by King and peasant as one of the leading clergymen of his time and people.

A third son, at the risk of his own safety, plunged into the boiling surf on one of those nights of terror so common to that coast, rescued a half-dead sailor, carried him to his father's house, and brought him back to a life of usefulness that gave to the world that information of the dead cities of the past which is to-day a record of imperishable value. For the half-drowned sailor was Heinrich Schliemann, who afterward became the famous explorer of the dead cities of Troy.

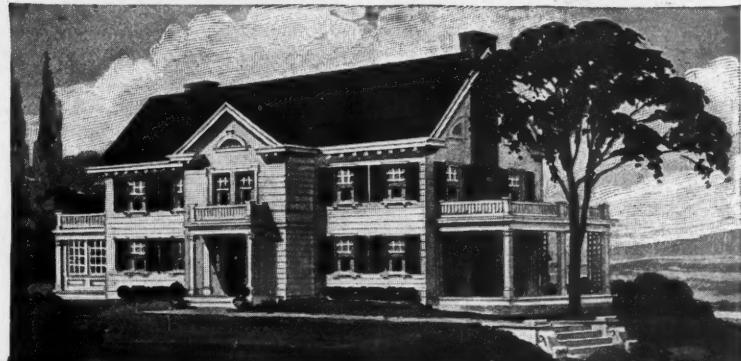
The first son to leave that island home went with a band of hardy men and journeyed to South Africa, where they settled and became known as "The Boers." Tirelessly they worked at the colony until towns and cities sprang up and a new nation came into being: the Transvaal Republic. The son became Secretary of State of the new country, and to-day the United States of South Africa bears tribute, in part, to the mother's message to "make the world a bit more beautiful or better."

A SECOND DR. JOHNSON

If Dr. Samuel Johnson were alive today he might well look to his laurels, and in industry at least would find a rival who would run him a very close race. Ewen MacDonald, whose name isn't really MacDonald at all, but Dwelly, has just finished the compilation, composition, and printing of a Gaelic dictionary, which "neat little job," says G. A. Munn, the London correspondent of the *Denver Republican*, took him some "sweet sixteen years—or more." Munn couldn't help comparing Dwelly and Johnson himself, for he says:

Johnson only compiled the dictionary and in that he had help, but MacDonald not only compiled his "word book," as the title translated reads, but set the type himself, cast the stereotype plates, and printed and bound the book. His only assistant was his wife, and her assistance, he tells me, consisted chiefly in keeping down the household expenses, so that they could live on their savings.

I had heard from time to time during the last few years of MacDonald's great work and pictured him as an enthusiastic Scot, laboring to save his native tongue from extinction. Imagine my surprise when I called the other day on the new lexicographer at his home at Herne Bay near London and learned that he isn't a Scot at all, if birth makes nationality, and that the Gaelic is not his native tongue. Yet so thoroughly has he soaked in the Gaelic that now he speaks English with difficulty. And his name isn't MacDonald either. It is Dwelly and the Dwellys have been settled in Somerset in the southwest of England since 1150. The first recorded connection of the family with



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Don't risk spoiling an attractive place by improper painting. Get pure white lead—for durability as well as appearance. "Dutch Boy Painter" White Lead is standard. When mixed with pure linseed oil it forms the most durable paint in the world.

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combine the strength of four

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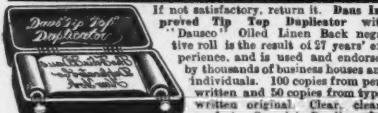


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FELIX P. DAUS DUPLICATOR CO., Daus Bldg., 111 John St., N.Y.

Scotland was when MacDonald's great-grandfather enlisted in the Coldstream Guards.

Perhaps it is from his great-grandfather that MacDonald inherited his love of the bagpipe, for from boyhood he considered the skirl of the pipes the only music worth hearing and his boyish ambition was to become a pipe major. His father had other ideas, however, and when he was seventeen he got his son a job in a London bank.

Young Dwelly's first act when he came to work in London was to join the London Scottish, a volunteer regiment made up of exiled Scots, and there he learned to play the pipes. Ten years of the bank were all he could stand and he resigned his post, went to Scotland, and enlisted in the Fifth Argyll Highlanders. Then he began to learn Gaelic and he married a Gaelic-speaking wife and, most important of all, he met old Ronald Mackenzie, who is now private piper to the Duke of Buccleuch. To him he confided his ambition to be a pipe major.

"You're a good piper, Dwelly," old Ronald told him, "but you'll never get on in Scotland with that name. Ewen MacDonald you shall be. That's a good honest Scot's name, and with that name I'll make you a pipe major."

Dwelly became MacDonald there and then and before long he was pipe major of the First Ross.

But his life-work soon claimed him, we read, and MacDonald quit the army to commence his "war on words"—the dictionary. Further:

The book contains 2,000,000 words, 20,000 of which MacDonald declares never have been printed before.

"For instance," he says, "there are sixteen separate words to describe the various marks on sheep's ears. The words descriptive of boats and tackle fill seven pages. Many of the words have two or three different forms. For instance, the Gaelic word for boat is masculine or feminine according to whether the boat is on water or on land, and many words have different genders in different parts of the country.

"Fifteen years ago I started to make a fair copy of my manuscript and it took me six years to get to the letter 'G.' Then I began to look for a publisher, but no one would undertake it. They said there would be no sale and I saw that I would have to be my own publisher. I bought type, learned to set it, and I have set every letter in the book. There are 1,038 double-column pages, 76 lines to the page and 30 letters to the line. I bought a printing-machine and as soon as ten or twelve pages were set I printed them off and sent the sheets to friends in Scotland for correction.

"I sent the first 320 pages to Maidstone to be stereotyped. I was living on a hill then 620 feet above the sea-level and I carted the forms down hill in a wheelbarrow to the station a mile and a half away. When they came back I wheeled forms and plates up the hill again. I soon decided that this was hard work and I bought a small stereotyping-plant, learned the trade, and cast the rest of the plates at home.

"When at about the nine-hundredth page I began to get uncommonly sick of the job, but I kept on, and now I have the satisfaction of seeing the book finished."



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put in "N F 10" Shoe Laces and you'll never be bothered with broken laces so long as the shoes last.

"N F 10" Shoe Laces

have no equal for strength and long wear, and every pair is

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Finished with fast-color tips that won't come off.

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Complete illustrated catalogue, and special literature relating to your line of business, mailed on request. Address Dept. V. 810.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati

MacDonald's reward for the work of a lifetime would not attract a trust magnate. He has secured "as many as" 600 subscribers, and is selling the book to them at \$10 each.

Now, we are told, MacDonald is promising himself a holiday. He is going to devote himself to genealogical work, in which field, he says, he is really interested.

ANOTHER ASPIRANT FOR MT. EVEREST

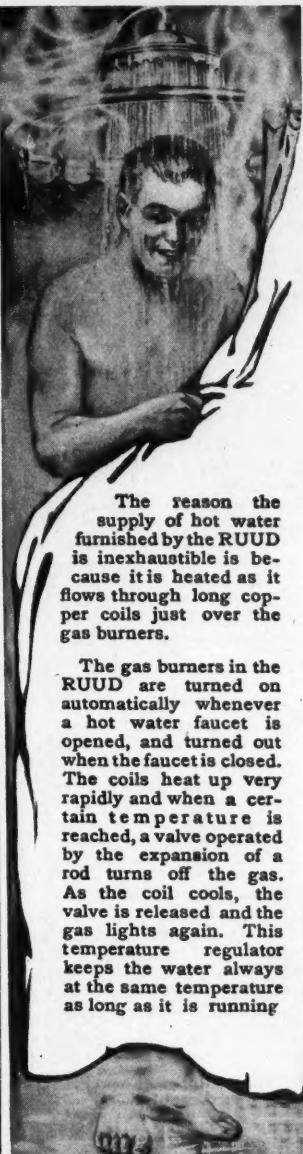
TO CLIMB Mount Everest, the world's loftiest peak, is the ambition of Mr. Samuel Turner. That, says Mr. Turner, is a more serious undertaking and worthy of more renown than the discovery of either the South or North Pole could be. As the author of "My Climbing Adventures in Four Continents" has successfully conquered nearly every other known peak in "cloud's captivity," his words may be regarded with full respect. He is most excellently fitted for this feat, too, as we read in the editorial columns of the New York Sun. It says:

At sea-level Mr. Turner's pulse is 60 to 62, and at 10,000 feet on Mont Blanc it was only 70. At 17,800 feet he has lifted heavy stones, walked with ease at 20,000 feet, "and struggled for 500 feet in the deep snow at a height of from 20,000 to 20,500 feet." He maintains that "the low pulse is the most important gift for the exceptionally high climb." He has never smoked, and has been a total abstainer all his life.

But men, declares Mr. Turner, can never become truly masterful climbers unless born with a sort of sixth faculty. Says *The Sun*:

They must have the cat's knack of balancing themselves in ticklish places and not know what fear is. To the man destitute of this faculty it seems a fearful thing to jump from one ledge to another when a miscalculation of distance or lack of poise would precipitate the climber into a gorge thousands of feet in depth, but to the true alpinist it is as natural as taking a long breath. Similarly he requires only a two-inch hold for the hand or a six-inch crevice for his foot to scale a crag that seems perpendicular and unsurmountable to another man who does not possess a nice sense of balance as the strain comes upon one muscle after another. With the real alpinist it is as instinctive as with the cat.

But the faculty must be associated with great physical strength, a stout heart, and endurance that is never dismayed by obstacles and unexpected demands upon vitality. The mountain-climber, to win distinction, must always be in training. Mr. Turner is fond of balancing things, from a sunshade to a piece of furniture weighing sixty pounds, on his chin. Thus in a picture taken in the botanical gardens at Kandy, Ceylon, he is seen with an open sunshade horizontally poised by one of its ribs. In skipping the rope, to strengthen his leg muscles, he would shame the P. R. champion of any weight, for Mr. Turner has a record at sea, Royal Mail steamship *Osterley*, of 6,696 skips in forty minutes.



The reason the supply of hot water furnished by the RUUD is inexhaustible is because it is heated as it flows through long copper coils just over the gas burners.

The gas burners in the RUUD are turned on automatically whenever a hot water faucet is opened, and turned out when the faucet is closed. The coils heat up very rapidly and when a certain temperature is reached, a valve operated by the expansion of a rod turns off the gas. As the coil cools, the valve is released and the gas lights again. This temperature regulator keeps the water always at the same temperature as long as it is running

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TRADE MARK

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Ask any apartment house dweller why he prefers apartments to a house and one of his reasons is always—"All the hot water you want day or night."

That is a great comfort—you admit it when your flat-dwelling friend brags about it—but it is a comfort you can have in your own home. The RUUD Automatic Gas Water Heater gives you this luxury. It is placed down the cellar out of the way, and you think no more about it than you do of the power house that furnishes you with electric light. All you have to do is to turn on the hot water faucet and the hot water flows.

Let it run as long as you like—the temperature never varies—the supply is inexhaustible.

The opening of faucet automatically lights the gas burners in the RUUD, and closing the faucet turns

the gas off. Can you imagine anything more convenient?

If you are planning to build, you simply must investigate the RUUD to keep up to date on modern conveniences.

Look in the telephone book and see if there is a RUUD office in your city—if not, the gas company or dealer can show it to you.

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Makes the Looks Outlast the Car



WHY is it a brand new car grows dull so quickly? The reason is soap. Just water—washes off the mud and dulls the varnish.

Ordinary soap, full of alkali, takes off the grease and eats little, fine pin holes in the paint. Good-by paint.

Mobo Auto Cleanser

is just soap—but it is pure soap made from linseed oil. It is a paint and varnish food. It brings out the gloss. It dissolves grease and dirt and absorbs them into its rich, fluffy lather. All you need to keep your car young in looks is a pail of water, a sponge and Mobo. Sold by all supply dealers in cans, half barrels and barrels.

Our booklet "How to keep an Auto clean and bright," contains soap, paint and varnish sense, free for a postal and name of your dealer.

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For Nine Years I Have Sold This Cigar By Mail

The idea of selling my cigars direct to the smoker, by mail, came to me nine years ago. I have been publishing advertisements like this practically every month since. In that time I have made and held over 20,000 regular customers who buy their cigars from me.

My plan of selling cigars makes it possible, by eliminating middlemen, to sell the 10c cigar of the trade for \$5.00 per 100. I have had many imitators. Most of these have lasted a little time and gone—doubtless because they did not understand that they must have re-orders to survive. Repeat orders are the life and blood of the mail order cigar business.

It is the quality of my cigars that makes a re-order practically certain. I secure initial orders through my advertising—it always costs me more to secure a new customer than I make on his first order. But the come-back orders gradually begin to show a profit.

The Shivers' Panatela is made in my clean Philadelphia factory from real Cuban grown Havana filler with a wrapper of genuine Sumatra leaf. I also make clear Havana cigars. In all I have seventeen different shapes—all described in my catalog which you may have on request.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars to a reader of The Literary Digest, express prepaid. He may smoke ten of these cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days. (This selling plan applies as well to any cigar I make.)

I employ only skilled men cigar makers. No flavoring or "doctoring" methods are tolerated in my factory, and I do not use shorts or cuttings. When you try my cigars I am the only one who assumes any risk or obligation. Will you grant me an opportunity to make a customer of you?

In ordering please state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars and use business stationery or give reference.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
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SHIVERS'
PANATELA
EXACT SIZE
AND SHAPE

50 ENGRAVED CARDS OF YOUR NAME \$1.25
COPPER PLATE, IN CORRECT SCRIPT
THE QUALITY MUST PLEASE YOU OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED
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The ship's surgeon examined him afterward and deposed in a sworn statement that Turner was "capable of continuing the skipping for a considerable time longer." This feat, it is asserted, required "considerable balance, as the ship rolled."

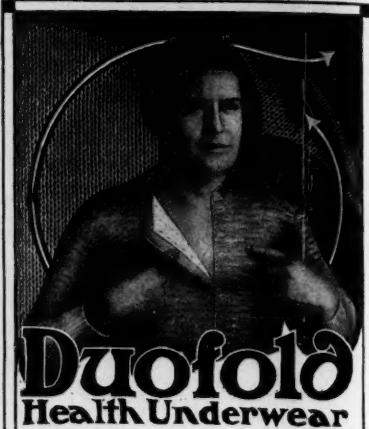
Mr. Turner suggests a course of exercises for the aspirant. He writes:

Climbing trees and boulders will strengthen the arms and legs and give the beginner practise for acrobatic rock climbs; and after becoming proficient in the Cumberland crags he must have the best climbing in Switzerland. After that the Caucasus, or, more difficult still, the Southern Alps of New Zealand, the Siberian Altai or the Chinese Turkestan mountains, or the low easy climbs of the Himalayas. After experiencing these mountains, the great giants of the world may be attempted.

But returning to our story and what, we are told, Mr. Turner most devoutly desires—the ascent of Mount Everest:

This Englishman has set his heart upon conquering Everest, and, aside from what nature has done for him in bestowing a cat-like facility of balancing and coordination of sight and muscular effort, he has qualified for the supreme achievement by "doing" the great Swiss peaks, a traverse of Mount Cook in New Zealand, Belukha in the Altai in winter to a height of 17,800 feet, and Aconeagua in South America to an altitude of more than 20,000 feet. Mr. Turner made the mistake of trying to "rush" Aconeagua, giving himself only four days for an enterprise that cost the Fitzgerald expedition, in 1896, about six months of planning and assault, a regular siege in fact, before Mr. Stuart Vines and Mattias Zurbriggen, the Swiss guide, succeeded in reaching the summit (23,080 feet). The traverse of Mount Cook in New Zealand (climbing up one side and descending the opposite side), Mr. Turner considers the most difficult and perilous of all his undertakings, because it was necessary to cut steps in 4,000 feet of very steep snow slope going up and coming down. He believes that outside of the Himalayas there is no mountain in the world as formidable, altho the height of this New Zealand mountain is only 12,349 feet. Of this altitude 10,000 feet, however, is "sheer climbing from the valley." Mr. Turner does not seem to have heard of the great Alaskan peak McKinley. He agrees with the Due d'Abruzzi that K2 in the Himalayas is unclimbable, because it is necessary to cut steps at a height of 25,000 feet when vitality is perilously near the exhaustion point. Mount Everest, Mr. Turner asserts, has no steep ice slopes near the summit, and the approach to the pinnacle (29,002 feet) is gradual. "I consider the climbing of Mount Everest or K2," he says, "a greater feat than getting to the North, or South, Pole." He recommends two successive seasons in the neighborhood of Everest to him who contemplates its conquest.

We shall await with deep interest and no little curiosity Mr. Turner's campaign against the highest mountain in the world. It by no means follows that because he breathes without difficulty and moves easily at a height of 20,000 feet, as he says he does, he can do the same when eight or nine thousand feet are added to that altitude; and his experiences ought to admonish him that no man can tell by looking



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The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it. Only fine cotton or silk touches you. The wool is in the outer fabric. Two light-weight fabrics in one, with air space between the wool and cotton and the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

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Boston Garter

The Far-Sighted Buyer *Can See the BOSTON Superiority*



is chosen by men because it is durable, comfortable, and reliable. Ask for **Boston Garter** by name, and glance at the loop for the trademarks "Boston Garter" and "Velvet Grip" stamped upon it.

Sold Everywhere. Sample pair paid on receipt of price. Cotton, 25 cents.—Silk, 50 cents.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, BOSTON

at Everest from a distance that the approach to the summit is gradual and free from ice walls and overhanging precipices.

HISTORIC RIDES

SOME years ago we were all startled by the story of "Burnaby's ride to Khiva," which was then considered one of the most daring and desperate feats of heroism in the world's history. Capt. Fred Burnaby, the hero, an Englishman of wealth and popularity, wrote a book to tell all about it, and was much feted and lionized in consequence. But his act was nothing, says William Eleroy Curtis, in his new book on "Turkestan" (George H. Doran Company), and was performed by hundreds of Cossack and Russian officers at about the same time. Moreover, says Mr. Curtis:

Of danger there was none whatever. The steppes all around Khiva were as safe as those of Central Russia, and the trail was plain. The weather, which was cold when Burnaby started, grew warmer within a few days, and he and his party were abundantly supplied with warm clothing, and had a kibitka, one of the tents in which the Turkomans and Kirghiz spend the winter on the plains of Turkestan. Furthermore, Burnaby had an escort provided with excellent horses and three camels to carry his equipment. He made the journey of 370 miles in thirteen days, and it was after the capture and occupation of that city by the Russians. At the time of Burnaby's journey the Russian outposts were stretched at frequent intervals along his trail and merchants were going and coming.

This famous ride was insignificant compared with that of Captain Marsh of the British Army, a few years previous. He rode fourteen hundred miles from Asia Minor to India, through Persia and Afghanistan, among the wild tribes, without escort or even an extra horse. Nor can it be compared with a three-thousand-mile ride made by Captain MacGregor, in 1875, the entire distance from Asia Minor to the Chinese mountains. Yet, such is the caprice of fame, not one person in a million ever heard of Marsh or MacGregor, while every school-boy in England and many in America were thrilled by Burnaby's book.

The most daring and dangerous of such exploits in modern times was the chase of the Russian Army by Januarius Aloysius MacGahan, of Toledo, Ohio, a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who was sent to Turkestan to observe and report the war of conquest. MacGahan reached the Caspian Sea several weeks after the departure of the Russian Army, and on April 30, 1872, with an interpreter and a young Kirghiz to look after the horses, started across the desert. As a journalistic achievement it was never surpassed, and was never approached, except, perhaps, by the ride of Archibald Forbes from Ulundi to the coast of Africa, through a forest swarming with Zulus. MacGahan was in the saddle for thirty days, and made nine hundred and thirty miles. Sometimes he was entirely without food and he and his native companion nearly perished





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Cow's milk alone is a poor substitute for mother's milk, because it is hard to digest and retain. It is alright for the calf, but it certainly is not good for the baby.

Now, NESTLÉ'S FOOD is made from the purest cow's milk to be sure, but it is changed so that it is like mother's milk, easy to digest and full of health-giving properties. Your baby will thrive and grow strong on it.

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NESTLÉ'S FOOD has been making sick babies well for over forty years—thousands upon thousands of them—and we believe that it will help to make your baby strong and healthy too, just as it has done for so many others. Write us today and we will send you the Book and Sample at once. If you find the Food agrees with your baby, and we know it will, you can buy it at any drug store.

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Please send me, free, your book and trial package.

Name.....

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The Standard Dictionary shows all the various shades of meaning of words, and contains "all the living words in the English language."

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The Ideal
Christmas, Wedding or Birthday Gift.
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The finish is really beautiful, but one of a dainty luster,
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moths, dust and damp. We always freight and ship direct from factory at factory prices. On 15 Days' Trial. Write for our handsome
new catalog showing many other styles of genuine Southern Red Cedar
Chests and Wardrobe Cabinets. Also book, "Story of Red Cedar."
PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 30, Statesville, N. C.

from thirst. He was several times surrounded by hostile natives, and his escapes were miraculous.

MacGahan afterward took part in the Carlist war in Spain, in which he narrowly escaped being hanged as a spy. He investigated the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria for the London *Daily News*; he represented the same paper during the war between Russia and Turkey in 1877-1878, and nursed Lieut. F. V. Greene, now Major-General Greene, U. S. A. (retired), through a siege of typhoid. Greene was the military attaché of the United States legation in St. Petersburg, and was sent to observe the war. MacGahan caught the disease from Greene and died in a Russian camp. He was buried in Constantinople, and a few years later his body was brought back to the United States upon a naval cruiser and buried beside his father and mother in a Toledo cemetery.

MacGahan reached Khiva and entered that city before the Russian Army arrived, and remained there through the siege. Burnaby did not arrive until two years later.

Another remarkable feat of journalistic enterprise that occurred about the same time was the ride of O'Donovan, son of a famous Irish scholar and antiquary, through Persia to Merv, reaching that city in advance of the Russian Army. O'Donovan represented the London *Daily News*, and with two servants, a Persian and a Kurd, he crossed the mountains that now form the boundary between Persia and Turkestan, and after a ride of 140 miles reached the city of Merv, where the Turkomans were preparing to defend themselves against the Russian advance. He was the first foreigner to enter that city and the first European to traverse that route. He did not know what sort of a reception he would have at Merv. The chances were against a friendly one, but the people received him kindly, altho, fearing lest he was a Russian spy, they made him a prisoner for twenty days. He finally gained their confidence, and was not only able to serve his newspaper, but his presence proved of great advantage to the Turkomans in their dealing with the Russian invaders.

Handed Down.—"Papa, what does hereditary mean?"

"Something which descends from father to son."

"Is a spanking hereditary?"—*New York Evening Mail*.

Above It.—The tramp leaned against the door-jamb, while Miss Annabel Sheldon peered out at him through the screen, and he gazed past her at the kitchen table.

"You look strong," said Miss Annabel. "Are you equal to the task of sawing and splitting half a cord of wood?"

"Equal to it, madam?" said the tramp. "The word is inadequate. I am superior to it," and down the road drifted a cloud of dust raised by his patient, plodding feet

—*Youth's Companion*.

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With their great, well-rounded, hydrangea-like clusters of starry flowers, Phloxes make a grand showing anywhere. You have room for some of them—if crowded, plant them among Peonies or Oriental Poppies; the Phloxes will not be ready until the other things are gone. I am growing nearly 200 kinds, both tall and dwarf. The colors touch every hue but yellow. Plant in October or November.

Irises, Peonies, Delphiniums, Etc. and many other noble perennials are included in my great collections. My aim is not to grow so many kinds as to have those that I do offer as *nearly complete as possible*. If you plan a garden with individuality, my broad range of varieties will be of great worth to you.

My New Book describing my Phloxes and other hardy plants, is practical and beautiful. Illustrated from photographs made at Wyoming—many in full color; while accurate cultural directions make it invaluable as reference. Free if you have a hardy garden or expect to plant one.

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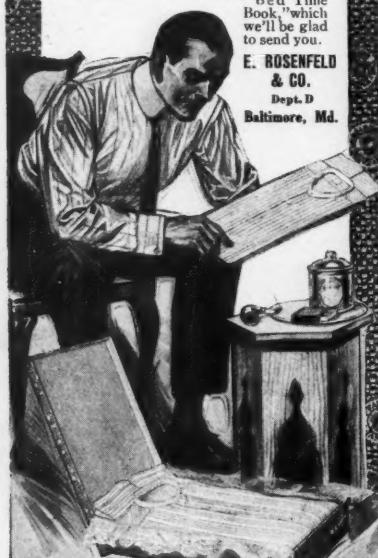


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FIFTY YEARS AGO

September 24.—A slight action occurs on the Virginia side of the Potomac, near Point of Rocks.

September 25.—A slight encounter takes place at Lewisville, Va., another at Chapmanville, Va., and another near Osceola, Mo.

Two Union steamers have a brush with a Confederate battery at Freestone Point on the Potomac.

September 26.—In accordance with a recommendation of President Lincoln this day is observed as a day of fasting and prayer.

September 27.—A battle is fought in Benton County, Mo., resulting in favor of the Union forces.

September 28.—Munson's Hill, Va., is evacuated by the Confederates.

September 29.—A brisk fight occurs six miles southwest of Norfolk, Ky.

September 30.—Colonel Geary dislodges a Confederate force from their position at Berlin, Md.

CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

September 8.—It is rumored in Paris that 30,000 German infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 150 guns are gathered in a triangle near the French frontier.

The first aerial postal service is inaugurated in England.

Thirty-two thousand persons have died from cholera in Italy since the first of the year.

A mob at Giva del Colle storms the city hospital and liberates all cholera patients.

American men-of-war have been ordered to the Yang-tse-Kiang to protect American missionaries.

September 9.—The Berlin Bourse suffers a panic on rumors of impending hostilities. The Paris stock market, while weak, is by no means so badly affected.

The Chinese Government is concentrating troops to suppress disturbances in Szechuan.

Five thousand royalists are reported gathered on the Portuguese frontier.

September 10.—The German imperial maneuvers, designed to reproduce actual war conditions, are begun on the banks of the Elbe.

September 11.—Great Britain, Germany, Austria, and Spain agree to recognize simultaneously the republic of Portugal.

September 12.—The eruption of Mount Etna, Sicily, causes a panic in the neighboring villages where thousands have abandoned their homes and are in flight.

September 13.—The French food riots are renewed.

A serious conflict between Portuguese troops and the people is reported at Amarante, 38 miles from Oporto.

In a battle between Spaniards and tribesmen in Morocco the latter are defeated with the loss of a thousand men.

September 14.—Premier Stolypin is seriously wounded in a theater at Kief.

Domestic

September 10.—President Taft's attitude toward tariff reform is attacked by Governor Harmon in an address at Faneuil Hall, Boston.

September 11.—Maine votes on the repeal of the prohibition clause in the State constitution. The result is in dispute.

September 12.—The Governors' Conference opens at Spring Lake, N. J.

September 14.—The Governors' Conference decides to protest to the Supreme Court of the United States against what is considered an invasion of States' rights by federal courts.

About Remembering

By ELBERT HUBBARD



FOR a long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson, of Chicago, and I have not forgotten.

Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or System, which I believe is of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college.

MR. DICKSON teaches memory.

Good memory is necessary to all achievement.

I know a man who is a graduate of three colleges, bright, interesting nor learned.

This man is neither He's a dunce.

And the reason is that he CAN NOT REMEMBER.

He can not memorize a date or a line of poetry. His mind is a sieve.

Education is only what you remember. Every little while I meet a man who has a memory, a TRAINED MEMORY, and he is a joy to my soul.

The manager of a great corporation never misses a face. If he sees you once the next time he will call you by name. He told me how he did it. He studied memory-training with Prof. Dickson. He said a lot of nice things about Prof. Dickson, that I hesitate to write here lest my good friend Dickson object.

This Dickson system of memory-training is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm, you exercise it. The same with your mind. You must put your brain through a few easy exercises to discover its capacity. You will be surprised how quickly it responds.

You do not know when you will be called upon to tell what you know; and then a trained memory would help you.

To the man or woman whose memory plays tricks I recommend that you write to Prof. Dickson, and if his facts do not convince you, you are not to be convinced.

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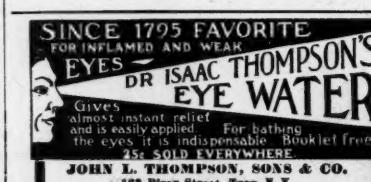
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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

"H. G.," El Reno, Okla.—"In the sentence, 'Your bill has been O.Ked,' should the expression 'O.K.' be in quotation marks, and is the past tense formed simply by adding the *ed*?"

The past tense of this expression is formed by adding an apostrophe and *d*, thus: O.K'd. The omission of the *e* preserves the pronunciation of the single letter K, and keeps the form of the abbreviation distinct. No quotation marks are necessary.

"R. P.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—"Please give a clear explanation of the difference between 'majority' and 'plurality.' Which is the more desirable in an election?"

The term "majority" primarily means a sum or number that is more than one-half of a given total. Thus, if for three candidates there are cast 6,500, 3,000, and 2,500 votes respectively, the first candidate receives a majority of 500 votes; that is, 500 more than half the total number of votes cast. "Majority" has come to have a secondary meaning in this connection, however, in which it represents the excess number of votes received by any one candidate over the number received by all the other candidates collectively, regardless of whether it is more than half of the total. This is termed a "relative majority," and is quite distinct from a plurality. This latter represents the excess of the highest number of votes received by a candidate over the next highest number. The example cited above will serve to illustrate these distinctions: the absolute majority is 500; the relative majority is 1,000; the plurality is 3,500. As an absolute majority betokens a larger total of votes cast for any one candidate than is represented by either a plurality or a relative majority, it is the most desirable.

"E. M.," Cincinnati, O.—"What part of speech is the word 'besides' in the following sentence: 'She is dearer to me than all the world besides'?"

"Besides" is here used adverbially, in the sense of "outside of, aside from, or not included in something (mentioned or implied)."

"E. L. A.," Twin Falls, Idaho.—"Is the use of the verb 'appeal' correct in the sentence, 'His writings do not appeal to me'?"

This use of the verb is permissible. Its meaning is "to awaken response or sympathy by or as by entreaty," and an instance of its use in this sense is found in Lamb's *Essays of Elia*: "Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to."

"F. M. H.," Wheeling, W. Va.—"Kindly explain the construction of the verb, 'is received,' and state whether it may be correctly used in the following sentence: 'Your letter is received.'"

This is an instance of a verb used in the present passive construction, which implies that the act expressed by the active voice has ceased, and the effect or result only remains as a finished act (Bullions' "English Grammar"). Reference is not made to the act itself, but to the state resulting from the act, and the construction which expresses this is not only allowable, but good English as well. The following may be noted as instances of this form of the verb: "This garment is torn."—"This house has been painted, but the paint is worn off."

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This is the fairest offer we know how to make. But we know the merit of our

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It rarely takes a man 30 days to decide he never wants to part with his Luxury Brush. Because there is nothing like it—it is a real luxury in shaving comfort. Its chief exclusive feature is the 150 tapering, round rubber "fingers" that rub in the lather and soften the beard far better than human fingers can do it.

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We gratefully recognize the satisfaction our cars have given in the past eight years, and are proud of the pride of ownership expressed by Stoddard-Dayton owners.

But we are confident they will regard 1912 Stoddard-Days as the most extraordinary values ever offered in **QUALITY CARS**.

The lines of all the body designs tend toward extreme simplicity. The effect is striking. The use of running-board tool-boxes does

away with all unsightly battery boxes, gas tanks, etc., that mar the appearance of the usual car. Neatness and simplicity is carried to a still further impressive state by removing from the dash everything except the gasoline and oil pressure gauges and the small cover of the coil.

The forward part of the bodies have been widened considerably, giving ample space for the working of control and brake levers inside the body. The front seats of the "Knight," "Special" and "Saybrook" Touring Cars and Torpedo models are adjustable forward and back, to accommodate drivers of various leg-lengths who have found no car that exactly fitted them.

Stoddard-Dayton "Savoy" 28 hp. \$1450 Five passenger

Touring Car; four-cylinder, $4 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$; wheel-base, 112 inches. Made also with four-passenger Touring or two-passenger Roadster bodies or with two styles of Commercial Wagon bodies.

Stoddard-Dayton "Stratford" 38 hp. \$1850 Five passenger

Touring Car; four-cylinder, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$; wheel-base, 116 inches. Made also with seven-passenger Limousine or Landaulet bodies or with three-passenger Coupe or two-passenger Semi-Torpedo bodies.

Stoddard-Dayton "Saybrook" 48 hp. \$2800 Seven passenger

Touring Car; four-cylinder, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5$; wheel-base, $122\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Also made with seven-passenger Limousine, four-passenger Torpedo or two-passenger Roadster bodies.

Stoddard-Dayton "Special" 58 hp. \$3500 Seven passenger

Touring Car; four-cylinder, $5 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$; wheel-base, 130 inches. Made also with seven-passenger Limousine and six-passenger Torpedo bodies, or on a $122\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wheel-base with four-passenger Torpedo or two-passenger Roadster bodies. (All prices are f.o.b. Dayton.)

"Saybrook" 48-hp. Touring Car, Seven Passengers, Fully Equipped, \$2800.

